

# KISS

!!! INSIDE!!!

MOON POON  
VESTAL'S VIRGIN  
JISSOM JANITOR

75¢

VOL.3 NO.8

finger lickn' good

WARNING  
ADULT TYPE  
MATERIAL



# SAGGITTARIUS

## SAGITTARIUS The Archer



Wily, crafty, clever. Emotionally neurotic. Colourful and creative. The disturbing, re-vitalizing lover.

**MAN** Precious-looking. Delicate, rather pretty. Pale of complexion.

**WOMAN** Effin-faced. Large, dark eyes. Frail. Small featured.

**The Sagittarius Man.** Narcissistic in outlook, this man is precious-looking, delicate, sometimes actually pretty, has a pale complexion. He is number 3—the Carnal Significance of which is Self-love. His colour is green and, in this instance—sinister and selfish, self-centred.

Sagittarius is the Archer—the elegant, aesthetic, athletic figure who poses with taut bow aimed at his target. The Ruling Planet of the Sagittarius Man is Jupiter.

This man can sometimes be the inveterate self-abuser and this habit can become an obsession and a compulsion with him. It shuts him off from normal social and sexual contacts—makes him anti-social and many times robs him of the ability to become a father.

Strangely—the Sagittarian Man—in spite of these mental and physical handicaps, is capable of great courage and stoicism. He has so much of the female in him that he possesses quite a lot of women's inherent strength of mind in a crisis. During the War—many brave deeds were performed by the Sagittarian Man who found delight in risking life and limb under fire. This type of man can become a leader in his particular profession and command great respect from men and women in many quarters. He is by no means to be despised. He is a mistake of nature, no less, and, as such, should be given as much respect as is possible in a world of crude thinkers and unnecessarily sensual and over-sexed individuals.

The Sagittarian Man is apt to dress in an eccentric, colourful manner. He is extremely fond of and addicted to 'pop' music, dances well and, in fact, if he so chooses, makes an excellent ballet dancer. He is an exhibitionist at heart—not necessarily a sexy exhibitionist as a general exhibitionist of his body and his clothes and his general appearance.

Generally—he delights in his femininity and makes no bones about bringing it to the attention of others. He finds masculine men a little difficult to understand, although he is prepared to make use of them for homosexual purposes. He is the modern counterpart

The Sagittarius Woman. Also number 3—and a victim to

self-love. Her Carnal Colour is Green—especially sinister when applied to a female. She has an elfin, fragile, sharp-featured face, large, deep-set eyes. She looks frail and delicate. She has the once-loved 'Dresden China look'.

She also is ruled by Jupiter and her Sign is that of the Archer. While she loves herself—it is more of a maternal love than a sexual passion. She is not so much addicted to secret self-abuse as is her Sagittarian male partner. She worships women in general and is fond of Lesbian contacts, even if they do not reach heights of sexuality but remain intellectually and emotionally satisfying.

She will marry, and make a success of this marriage provided she has as a husband a robust, virile, intelligent man. She will develop a coldly clinical maternal instinct, treating her children more as pretty toys than as human beings. She, also, develops crushes in her schooldays on girls and teachers and later these affections can be transferred to older women. She dresses very well—is very clothes-conscious, in fact. She pays particular attention to her underwear, buying and wearing the most extravagantly designed and sparse of garments.

She does not develop large breasts or hips and keeps a petite figure most of her life. She is always a little underweight. The Sagittarian Woman does not age quickly. As far as her jobs in life are concerned—she will be—

- A ballet dancer
- A show-girl
- A private secretary
- A dance instructor
- A milliner
- A professional tennis player
- A florist

She displays a sweet disposition but can be acid-tongued when occasion demands. Particularly so against her opposite sex. She is prone to nervous breakdowns and not a few Sagittarian Women eventually find themselves under heavy psychiatric treatment.

### Summing Up:

**Sagittarius** The Archer. 9th Sign of the Zodiac.  
**Ruling Planet** Jupiter.  
**Constitution** Neurotic, highly-strung.

**Born November 25 MAN.** Bombastic. Egotistical sex drive. Perfect male torso narrowing towards hips. Smallish genitalia. **WOMAN.** Sexually impelled towards own sex. But male element could win over from this deviation. Slim body, small breasts.

**Born November 26 MAN.** Very passionate and over emotional. Good body build, much body hair, large genitalia. Tendency towards womanly chest area. **WOMAN.** Deviations likely. Fine frame, large hips. Good breast and pelvic area.

**Born November 27 MAN.** Straightforward sex drive. No deviations. Good body and average genitalia. Narrow hips. **WOMAN.** Also normal, completely hetero-sexual. Smallish body, large breasts. Good pelvic region.

**Born November 28 MAN.** Degenerate in sexual tastes. Rather a menace. Tall, slim, over developed genitals. **WOMAN.** A typical, conventional family woman. Sex drive is not urgent but well used. Average body development all over.

# MOON POON



Colonel John Trevor stood naked, his legs slightly astraddle. He was waiting for Fred Johnson to touch his balls. Fred's hands cupped them and then his fingers pressed deep into John's crotch.

"Cough," said the doctor.

John tried to cough, but couldn't. Only a gagging sound came out.

"Cough, I said," said the doctor.

"I can't."

The doctor's fingers pressed harder. John automatically spread his muscular legs farther apart. He was breathing hard. In spite of himself, he felt heat at the bottom of his stomach. He hoped he would not get a hard-on in front of the doctor. It was all so embarrassing.

"Cough," repeated Fred.

John found a cough somewhere at the bottom of his throat. It came out as cupped of a rough crack, but it was a cough.

"Thank you," said Fred, rather professionally.

Fuck him, said John to himself. He decided on the spot to let himself get a hard-on if he wanted. He felt the young doctor was leading him through a funny field of daisies. At the thought of the doctor, blood began to surge into his huge cock. It began to distend.

To help it along, he put his hand around it and pulled at it once or twice. The warmth of his own hand excited him. He wondered why he was so sexual, so instantly sexual, these days. Standing naked in this doctor's office, even his nipples and pectorals had swollen a little. His armpits had begun sweating.

His cock was quickly rising to its full magnificence. Fred Johnson was looking directly at it. His eyes were cool and calm. Some suppressed exhibitionism flooded out of John's depths. He firmly straddled his legs farther apart, his calves and thigh muscles flexing and moving under the down of black hair. Above his tremendous cock and balls, black hair rose in swirls up his stomach and chest and bloomed

like a black cloud across his chest.

"For a man of your age, you have a good body," commented the doctor.

"My age? Whaddaya mean?" demanded John. "I'm only thirty-four."

"Nothing," he replied.

John's cock was now standing out, hard and pointing a little upwards. Its head was deep red and was growing shiny as the blood pumping into it filled. Beneath, his balls swung slightly. He felt confident.

Dr. Johnson looked for a moment at the scene before him. "You've got a beautiful prick," he said noncommittally.

John felt he had him now. He said nothing. "It's certainly large," confirmed the doctor. When would he grab it, wondered John. He said, "I want to lay down for a moment."

"Take two minutes over there on the examining table," said Dr. Johnson abruptly. "Captain Wilson is waiting."

Fuck, thought John. That fuckin' bastard! He lay down on the table. Its clean white covering excited his buttocks and caressed his muscular back. Without realizing it, he had become sexually hot. A desire had risen in him he had never felt before.

At the mere hint of it, his breath caught in his throat. He dared not think any further. He only wanted his cock to go down now so that the young strange doctor would no longer witness his excitement. He should feel cheap, but he didn't. He felt like he wanted something, but he didn't know what.

"You don't seem very relaxed," said the doctor, coming over to him.

"I'm not," agreed John.

"What's it all about?" asked Fred.

"Oh, I'm just concerned about the future, that's all."

"You mean about who's going to be the commander of the platform?"

"Yeah."

"I wouldn't worry about that if I were

you," said Fred. "The right man for the job will be chosen."

"You know who it is?" asked John.

"Yes, but it might be changed, depending on things," he answered.

"Oh," said John, closing his eyes.

"Don't worry about it," advised the doctor in a gentle voice. "Here, let me rub your stomach to relax you."

His hands began rubbing gently John's firm belly. He had never had a man rub him, except sometimes in a massage parlor. That was all so impersonal, though. Fred's hands were firm and strong, and knew their business. In spite of himself, John began to relax. A strange trust for Fred began to form in him. Surprisingly, his cock began to subside.

Fred began rubbing up his sides, towards his armpits, and then into them. They were wet with sweat, but the touch there caused John to relax completely. After a while, Fred touched his temples and John felt in place again. His cock was completely soft. He opened his eyes.

"Wheel!" said the doctor surprisingly.

"Wheel, what?" asked John amused.

"I thought you were going to rape me next, or something. That's one of the biggest, hardest hard-ons I've seen in a long time."

"Raping you might not be such a bad idea," said John.

"Easy, Colonel, I'm not exactly rapable, you know."

"Shall I try some time?" asked John.

"Who knows," said Fred, returning to his desk. "Look, get dressed now. The young Captain is waiting."

Putting on his pants, John said, "He's probably here to tell you his cock or something."

"Maybe I'll buy it," he answered, his face looking down at the sheaf of papers.

"Well, if you do," said John, "tell me if he's got anything I haven't."

John completed dressing. At the door, he looked back. He felt he wanted to get to know Fred Johnson better.

"Look, doc," he said hesitantly, "let's get together for a drink or something."

"Sure," Fred answered. "Come up to my apartment tonight."

"Okay. At eight?"

"Fine."

He passed Captain Wilson in the waiting room. He marched past him with military bearing and the prestige of his position as lead astronaut. The younger man jumped up to say hello. John looked him straight in the eyes in passing. There he found something inexplicable, a sort of soft wanting feeling. It made him less certain of things. He spoke abruptly, and then left.

Mark looked at him in wonderment as he left.

"Captain Wilson," said Doctor Johnson. "Come in."

The young Captain followed him into the examination room.

Helen thought quick. She realized instantly that she would never be able to pressure Martha now with subtle blackmail. A witness on the scene could testify that she was equally as guilty as Martha. She understood that her plot to gain a control over Martha had failed. And now there was a new threat.

The young man stood in the door, grinning. He was a little unsure of himself, but still he seemed diffident. Helen decided that the only way to dispose of a damaging witness would be to involve him. She calmed her beating heart and reclined back onto the pillows.

"Young man," she said, "how long have you been standing there?"

"And how did you get in?" stammered Martha, still holding her tits.

"Through the open door. I rang the bell, but it doesn't work and the door was open," he smiled and bowed his head. "You ladies were really going at it."

"What's this offer about a real dick to play with?" asked Helen.

"Helen!" said Martha in a shocked voice.

"Well, you know what I mean," he said, still hanging his head.

He was young, barely eighteen, but a muscled workman, a type which often excited Helen. And now that the cards were on the table, and something had to be done, there was nothing to do but take him on.

Martha whispered, "Oh, heavens, Helen, this will ruin both of us if it gets out."

"If it gets out," agreed Helen, "he might not tell if we give him what he wants."

"Yes, I guess so," agreed Martha.

They were both looking at him during this whispered conversation. He was wearing a tight shirt open down his chest. His white skin looked inviting and the light covering of hair they could see excited both of them.

A large belt was drawn snug at his waist and his legs were covered with white dirty denims. There was an extra large bulge at his crotch, but Helen thought it must be a wallet or handkerchief in his front pocket. Around his waist was slung low a belt loaded with tools. He's beautiful, they both thought together.

"Come over here," ordered Helen, taking command of the situation.

He walked over to the bed and stood straddled before them.

"Well, take your clothes off," said Helen.

"Ah, no ma'am. You ladies do all the work so I won't tell on your little pussy eating orgy I just saw," he said.

Helen and Martha both gasped with shock. He was certainly sure of himself. Helen felt trapped, Martha felt nervous. He folded his arms and waited.

Helen's eyes looked over his body. Suddenly she realized that the bulge at his crotch was real. Her mind reeled with surprise. He must have the largest cock in the world. He read her thoughts.

"Yes, ma'am, it's big. And I'm proud of it. Lots of ladies can't take it, but you two will, won't you?" he said.

Martha was torn between shame, anger, and excitement as she too realized the implications of the bulge. Her weakness was for large members, and they were few and far between. If she had sex with a man whose cock was only ordinary, she often preferred to snuff it at it. It

took a big, big cock to fill her up and give her total satisfaction.

Here was an opportunity she wasn't going to pass up. She moved from the bed and started to undo his shirt.

"That's more like it," he said dropping his arms to his sides.

Martha quickly had his shirt off. His muscles were hard as a rock. His chest bulged and his pectorals were tipped with soft large pink nipples. There was light brown hair running down to his belt.

He began fondling her breasts. Her nipples came instantly alive.

"Those are quite some tits, ma'am," he said, his eyes glittering as he looked at them.

Helen thought she should get into the action. Although Martha's tits were large and beautiful, her cunt was tight and as usual, she figured out what he wanted. He wanted to shove his gigantic cock into a tight cunt.

She unbuckled his tool belt. It dropped to the floor with a clank. Next, she unzipped his fly and undid his belt. His pants came open and they could see his lower stomach was covered with thick dark hair.

Helen pulled his pants down over his ass and his huge cock popped into view. They both paused. It was more than ten inches long and throbbing with action. It looked more evil than did the black dildo, Martha let out a little moan. Both were afraid for a minute to touch it.

His balls were tremendous also. Helen's cunt was very wet and her insides were jerking with desire. Martha couldn't stop herself. She was down on her knees kissing the head of the young man's cock.

Helen started fondling his large sac. She pulled his pants farther down over his legs until they were stopped by his heavy boots.

"Lay on the bed so we can take off your

boots," she said.

He moved like an animal to the bed and lay back, his arms behind his head. "You girls suck my toes," he commanded.

They both looked at each other, but it was too late to back out. Off came one boot and sock and then the other. Off came his pants and he lay naked, spread eagle in front of them.

Martha decided not to hesitate. She wanted that cock in her and if she had to suck his toes to get it, she would. Helen took the other foot and started licking between the toes. Suddenly she was with the idea and the feet seemed as sexual as his prick did. They licked and licked and he began moaning.

"Oh, that's so good. Put my toes in your cunts," he said.

Martha and Helen straddled his feet, each slipping his toes between the quivering lips of their slits. It was a strange sensation. He started wiggling his toes up their cunts, and both Helen and Martha closed their eyes in surprise at the feeling.

"Who wants to get eaten first?" he asked dreamily.

Neither replied.

"Well, I'll take you both together, then," he said.

He placed them both on the bed, Helen on top of Martha, until he could see both of their slits near each other. Then he straddled Helen's back, and bending down over her upturned ass, sank his head between their legs. He could rub his nose and lips to both cunts in one deft movement.

His cock and balls were pressed against Helen's lower back. His prick was hard as a rock. She could feel the warmth of his asshole and her throat grew tense with desire.

He was rough. He bit and chewed. When they protested, he told them to shut up and bit harder. In spite of the pain, their tensions and



desires increased.

Juices began to dribble out of their holes and he drank and licked them up eagerly. There was no doubt about it, he was really a professional.

Suddenly, he jumped off Helen's back, and holding them roughly in place, plunged his cock first into Martha's cunt. She stifled a scream as the huge cock plunged ten inches deep into her hole.

"You liked that, baby, didn't you?" he said as he drew his prick out.

Helen knew what was coming for her. His cock penetrated her tight hole like a nail pounded into a hard piece of wood. She didn't dare scream. And then it was up her. She bit into Martha's throat and Martha clasped her close with her arms.

"Ah, that's so tight and good," he murmured.

He began to work his cock in Helen's insides. She was breathing hard at the shock of his enormous plunge, and at the shock of her desire for him to keep his cock in her. Never had she felt such a want. John's cock was big and desirable. But this guy's actions and dimensions overwhelmed her.

She reached a cliff instantly and her heavy juices heated, already warm, hot, fierce cock. He jerked it in and out, sinking his head between their legs, and sucked her cunt dry.

Like a bag of straw, he threw her off Martha, and plunging between Martha's legs, rammed his cock deep into her. Her legs jerked wide open. He viciously pulled his prick out and then plunged it deep again. He fucked her like this until she was in tears of pain and ecstasy.

Her hand reached out to hold Helen's for security. Helen watched the man's ass pound up and down like a sledge hammer, his leg and back muscles rippling like a tiger's.

She moved to a better position so she could see his balls swinging and slapping against Martha's crotch. Martha's juices flowed into a puddle on the sheet. His ramming cock made slurping and sucking noises as it left her cunt lips and drove back in again. Martha was groaning and crying.

His tension mounted and his hips moved up and down faster and faster. Suddenly, he lifted himself to his knees and grabbed Helen behind the neck. She found her face staring at his wet cock.

"Suck it off," he ordered.

She tried to take it in her mouth, but could only get the head in. At that moment, he shot his load. It hit the back of her throat like a jet stream. He let out a howl of pleasure and grunted like an animal as his cock muscles retracted again and again. His love juices began dribbling out of Helen's mouth.

"Don't waste any," he ordered. "Get up and catch that."

Martha jumped up and started licking the juice dribbling from Helen's mouth. Her tongue caressed Helen's lips which were circling his great prick. Helen's desires flamed even higher. She wanted Martha more than ever at that moment, and found her cunt with her free hand. It was wet, open, and so soft.

He fell onto the bed laying on his stomach and breathing hard. Helen immediately found Martha's cunt with her mouth and began licking the juices stimulated by the fierce fucking. Suddenly, she realized the young man's ass was

upturned to her and her deepest hidden desire flamed upwards.

His legs were spread apart and she could see the open cleft filled with hair. His ass mounted up from it. She moved between his legs, spreading them farther apart. She aimed her mouth directly at the target.

He drew his arms under him and hunched his ass a little higher. He was completely silent as Helen's deft tongue darted in and out of a tighter hole than either she or Martha had.

Martha watched his face, turned on its side toward her, become peaceful and calm. His lips parted and his tongue hung out. She bent down with her mouth and took his tongue in, sucking on it. He opened his mouth wider and she sucked harder on his tongue.

Helen reached down and picked up the dildo from the floor. He was moving his ass in small circles. Into the tight hole she stuck a probing finger. He groaned.

She licked the end of the rubber cock to get it wet and slick and pressed its fanged head into his ass. He yelled, but didn't move. She pressed harder. His body twisted and turned with pain and he flopped onto his back. The artificial cock was still in him.

Martha immediately sat on his face and stopped his cries, with her open cunt. His tongue began darting in and out of it. His cock stood straight in the air, distended and dark red.

Helen took it in her mouth and forced it down her throat. It choked her, but it was too exciting to take out. She turned the rubber cock in his ass and began fucking him with it. He pulled his legs up to make it easier. Martha reached a climax and her juices poured out over



his sucking mouth and chin.

Helen began chewing his huge balls, and as she did so, he shot his second load which popped out and dappled his hairy chest with white fluid.

Helen wanted it. She pressed his legs down, leaving the rubber cock in his asshole. She straddled his pelvic area and her cunt lips encircled his hard cock. Then she bent down and licked up the milky spots.

When there was no more, she lifted herself a little and his hips began a fucking motion. His huge piece slid in and out of her completely wet hole. Her juices burst forth, mainly from the excitement of his essence still on her lips. Her wetness coursed down into his bristling hair and over his balls.

She had her head thrown back and was panting like a cat. She was facing Martha. Martha pulled her towards her, plunging her tongue deep into her panting throat. But Helen was getting weak from the action and slowly fell over onto the bed.

The young man said, "I could use a drink of something."

"I'll get you a drink," said Martha, lifting her slit from his face.

"I saw some martinis out there," he said.

"Okay," said Martha. She left the room.

Helen lay back completely exhausted. The young man took the cock out of his ass and laid it on the bed table. He looked for a cigarette in his clothes and lit one. Helen noticed his cock had not relaxed. It was as hard as ever. Martha returned with the drinks.

"Well," she said, "that was quite a session."

"Yeah," he agreed.

They waited for him to make a move. He drank his drink in two strong gulps.

"Look," he said, "if you think this is over, think again. There are two holes here I haven't gotten into and I like them the tighter the better."

In the underground examination room at the space center, Mark Wilson was preparing to influence the doctor with everything he had, if necessary. He had done that many times before. Rising through the thick competitive echelons of military life often had truly been a matter of not who you know, but who you blow!

Mark had never hesitated at the exact moment to either drop his pants or open his mouth. Since he was desirable, the game was easily played, and mostly his climb to the top had consisted of just dropping his pants for a few moments which eager lips had circled and moved up and down his huge, stiff cock.

Mark's green eyes glittered at Fred Johnson in open invitation. He felt ready for anything that might come. And at that, Fred was not bad looking.

Mark allowed himself to gaze at what might be hidden underneath the doctor's crisp white uniform.

"Sit down," the doctor ordered curtly.

Mark sat in the chair in front of the desk. He slouched a little, spreading his legs open seductively. Through the trim tailoring of his

uniform could be seen distinctly the hidden secrets between his own legs. The doctor ignored the display of muscled legs and inviting cock and balls.

"I am going to ask a few questions of a psychological nature," said the doctor.

"Sure, go ahead," said Mark.

"Have you ever had sexual relations with another man?" asked the doctor. It was a statement rather than a question.

Mark thought for a moment. There was no reason to hide anything, he thought, since he had every intention of obeying the doctor later when it came time to use his body to gain his end.

"Yes, many times," Mark replied.

"Where and when?" asked the doctor.

"Well, at the induction center, later in the examination room there. Several times in men's rooms. You know, the usual."

"Okay," said the doctor. "Do you like it?"

"What?" asked Mark.

"Whatever it was."

"Sure. I've no qualms about getting sucked off, if that's what they want. I've never gone much further." This last was a lie, but suddenly it seemed judicial to lie a little.

Perhaps too long a history of getting fucked up the ass would not be a good thing to have on his record.

"Is that all, just getting sucked off?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, that's all."

Underneath Mark's pants he could feel his cock beginning to rise at the prolonged investigation of cock sucking. He opened his legs a little wider so that his growing hard-on was more visible. Across the desk, the doctor's eyes dropped to the revealing bulge for a moment. Then he rose from the desk.

"Strip now," he told Mark.





# VESTALS VIRGIN

That first orgasm had only brought her to full sensitivity inside her sweet box, and she was ready to climax as many times as I wanted to make her.

I watched her grey eyes roll as she clinched her teeth together. She'd suck air through them, then expel it with little moans.

I noticed her fists were tightly closed also, as she grabbed onto the bedsheet as though trying to hold onto her sanity.

Now I suddenly felt her tight little cunt go into another spasm. This time her tiny twat gripped and chewed at the huge meat that was stuffed inside of her.

My daughter was in orgasm! She was coming like crazy, and she was going wild—so wild that suddenly she threw those pretty legs up around my back to bring me into her.

That was her mistake.

I had started spurting inside of her and I needed little encouragement to cause me to shove King Kong all of the remaining length up into my climaxing daughter.

It was then that she screamed, "Daddy! You old bastard!"

Her reaching legs fell downward now, and she was trying to withdraw from the piston that pumped away deep up inside her little woman womb.

Her orgasm continued, however, even as she was trying to escape King Kong.

I came to my senses in time to ease up, and partially withdraw, as I finished emptying my big load into that very tight little twat. And this relieved my daughter sufficiently for her to savor and continue with the orgasm she was having.

In fact, Wanda's orgasm continued even while my softening organ soaked itself quietly in the gooey mess that our combined orgasms had produced.

I raised up myself so I could stare down at my naked daughter and watch her amusing behavior. Her mouth was open and her tongue was partly out, as though she were trying to lick something.

Her eyes were closed in a semi-coma. Her hips still undulated some, causing her cunt to chew away at the soft hunk of meat which she had somehow conquered, deflated.

The next time around was going to be the best, I knew.

Now she had taken it all, and never again would she be satisfied with anything less than all of it. With a little rest, maybe another highball, or some food, we'd both want each other all over again.

I rolled onto my side, off of my daughter. Then I pulled her limp, naked little body to my own bulky, hairy nakedness and we both catnapped.

Graham Gower had stopped talking, but I knew from the faint little smile on his mouth and the dreamy faraway gaze in his eyes that he had much, much more to tell. Obviously the chapters he had given me on his love life with his daughter were only the very introduction.

At least, with the complete coupling, with "C Day," as he had called it, Graham Gower and little Wanda Gower had perfected their honeymoon of incest. It would not really end

until the few days previous to his calling on me for legal advice or whatever.

Or had it ended?

Did my client think, possibly, that somehow I would give him a ticket to continue with his incestuous affair?

"You see, we both are enjoying it—so what could be so wrong?"

"Yes," I commented, still at a complete loss as to how to handle this client. "I can imagine that now, at age fifteen, your daughter is quite capable of being your physical match."

"Oh, you bet. You bet."

Graham Gower was easily encouraged on the subject. "Man, I tell you, she just loved to have this meat of mine shoved up her little hairy cunt—which is also not so little."

How would I tell the man to stop it? Stop it once and for all and forever? Hell, he wasn't contrite, remorseful! What was worse, Mr. Gower was still terribly hooked on his daughter. It appeared she was his light and his life. He lived off of the memories of her body and dreams of future possession of her body.

His memories, which he was telling me about so graphically, were always feeding his desires for fresh enjoyments of his daughter.

"I'll have to talk with your wife, Graham," I said. "Then I'll need to talk with Wanda. Probably alone."

I paused. Just what could I do with this man? "Then it'd be good if I could talk with all three of you together. Somehow I've got to find..."

My voice drifted.

Then, emphatically, I said, "You know you must stop this, Graham!"

I felt like snapping the pencil I was holding. "What in hell else do you expect me to tell you, man? We can confine our knowledge to the family and keep you out of the penitentiary—if we're very careful—but, Graham, our society, and any others that I can think of, do not permit incest. Already you have committed statutory rape, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, child molestation, lewd and lascivious conduct with a girl under fifteen, and of course, incest!"

He cowered a bit and hung his head.

He wasn't penitent, only dejected about having his "play-party" taken away.

"But would you wait and talk to my wife and to the girl?" Graham Gower asked plaintively. "After all, Martha knows—and maybe she'll go along..."

So that was his hope! That I would somehow bring everyone into loving agreement, seal their lips, and say, "Okay, Daddy-o, go at it."

He said he didn't really give a damn if society agreed with this way of life or not. Society made the goddamned rule. He didn't!

My hand went up, cautioning, deprecating such argument.

"First of all, you married your wife. You're still married to her. Could she go out and carry on?"

"But maybe she doesn't mind! I still want you to talk with her, Martha's developed her own little sex thing, a hanxup, you could say, and I think she'll tell you about it."

"And then," I continued, as though not having heard him, "your daughter may be suffering great emotional damage from this loss of a father image. Surely you've become her lover instead. She may have great difficulty in adjusting to normal love—finding a husband, making her own family."

Gower interrupted. He'd weigh it all, he was no dummy, he pointed out.

"If her mother will not fill her with guilt, reject her, and if she doesn't ask for society's approval, and if my daughter weighs the years of immense pleasure she'd had against the taint of being 'different,' where will I have ruined her? As a matter of fact, she has assured me she will finish high school, then go on to college, maybe even medical school—a hell of a long wait for any girl whose vital young body has such a big need for sex."

"You," I countered, "precipitated the girl into an early sexual life."

"Shit!" he said, standing now, then pacing the office. "I often told myself that also. But you tell me one other fairly attractive teenage girl that isn't taking on some high school boy and risking early pregnancy. The cute girls get the passes, remember. Show me a shapely and attractive little doll like my Wanda has been since I first goosed her good, and I'll show you a little gal that is getting her own share of molestations and masturbations, and—worse—pregnancy by a no good high school dropout."

But I knew Graham Gower was really defending what he had done and wanted to continue doing, and around every proposition you can rally a chorus of affirmative arguments.

"Maybe I just can't help you—without hurting you, Graham," I said. "But send Martha here tomorrow. Send Wanda on the following afternoon."

He shook my hand, grateful that I hadn't run him out of my office like the monster that he was—or certainly that society considered him to be.

"But could I tell you about the second screwing I gave the kid? The one where she took the whole length of me, like a dancing doll on the end of a stick?"

The man was absolutely obsessed with his sexual use of his daughter. He couldn't stop talking about it, and I believe he sought a certain amount of voyeurism from me. He wanted me to watch. He wanted a peeping tom so that he could himself relive the sexual escapades of an older man with his little girl. Big Daddy jazzing the hell out of his little clinging daughter.

With some difficulty, I terminated the conference and sent Graham Gower home.

This was not the first time a man or a woman had confided in me their sexual relations with another. Often, too, the client would inform me in great detail what the neighbor man did to a daughter, or what the babysitter did to the little boys she was supposed to be looking after, etc. In all these cases I had detected some desire to experience a "verboten" act vicariously.

Vicarious living, identifying with another and with him or her reliving, experiencing, forbidden acts, seems very prevalent.



Don't we live our western hero's rough and brave life with him? Don't we pretend we are the handsome cowboy or detective or what-have-you that embraces the pretty and shapely heroine?

Doesn't the reading of biographies often send through us the thrill of forgetting who we are, ourselves, and losing ourselves into the courageous and magnificent and perhaps very fortunate lives of the protagonists?

And where a client of mine has nursed a deep desire to fornicate with an animal, he or she may tell me with great relief what she heard about this certain person and his big boxer or great dane.

I myself, do not deny that some of these accounts fascinate me considerably. I am curious about human beings.

What, for instance, was the reaction of the girl, Wanda, to her father's body? Why didn't she long for young men, boys? Did the incest thing add measurably to Wanda's own sexual

fulfilment?

As I was performing some valuable function for this family, it didn't seem relevant here to analyze my interests in their accounts further.

Any doctor or lawyer or scientist, for that matter, is human enough to see why another would be tempted, how under given circumstances, another man might have fallen captive to the forbidden.

In any event, I was a bit ashamed of my own sex after hearing Graham Gower. I looked forward to having Martha Gower, the offended wife, the real victim of all of this incest, to put this male weakness and depravity into some sort of focus...

When she was ushered into my office the following day, I was a little surprised that Martha Gower appeared so fresh, so gay, so breezy. She was dressed chicly, but slightly on the young girl-side, which at thirty-five, she was not. Her hair was longish, and turned under,

rather than in high bouffant. She wore a miniskirt that showed lovely legs and very mod leather boots and dark stockings.

She was a trifle fleshy, giving her a voluptuous appearance, which might have been less accentuated in a proper dress. Her grey eyes, much like her daughter's, met mine steadily, then filled with mischievousness and merriment as she said:

"I'm supposed to be the pissed-off wife. You're supposed to tell me why I shouldn't be, aren't you?"

Martha Gower placed her hands on her pretty hips and swung with quick, energetic movements about the office.

"It's all a question..." I commenced.

"A question of whether one must be pissed off! Whether I'd be considered by society a real nut if I wasn't ready to string my husband up! I have to be angry—or I'm a mother who wanted her daughter and husband to get together, and





have a hall!"

"Please!" I said. "The outside world is our jury. If this whole thing isn't destroying you, or your daughter or your family, just concern yourself with what each of you do feel and what, if any, changes you want anyone to make. Being pissed-off, as you call it, wouldn't impress me. It wouldn't change things, and it would probably only give the world out there a big laugh."

Martha Gower made an odd little expression and nodded approvingly.

"Well, it's just damned hard to describe how I really do feel. I might add though, not pissed-off. No, I'm too much of a sex swinger, a hitch, myself, not to understand Graham—and Wanda, hell, after that shock she gave me, I got to thinking about those two and the more I thought about them going after it together, the funnier it seemed. I just laughed myself sick, if you want to know."

Martha sat down, crossing her legs, but noting how this exposed almost her entire rump, she put both feet on the floor and pressed her legs together. She was smiling as she continued.

"Well, you know I could just see the two of them: Graham showing Wanda that big tool of his and little Wanda and him just wondering how in the heck they were going to get that big thick up Wanda's very small hole. They must have worked like two people trying to put a boat into a bottle."

For a moment she giggled at her private vision.

"I understand that for quite a little while there, they'd just sit or lie together playing with each other by the hour, all the time wishing there was some way that Big Boy could get inside the little virgin. And it must have been pretty maddening confining themselves to all those two years of masturbating—except for the good fucks I was able to give Graham between Michael and Cindy."

Of course I didn't tell her that Graham had made the grade with the child when she was only thirteen.

"I can't say I blame them for evincing the whole way finally. They'd waited long enough and it certainly doesn't hurt a fifteen year old girl to have some good fuckings. I was a fifteen year old girl once, you know."

"I once told Wanda that a couple of men had 'pulled me back and forth in the same bed when I was only fourteen. So, who am I to scream police just because Wanda tried some dick at fifteen?"

Inwardly I smiled, as I realized the shrewdness in Wanda's lie.

"It's your husband, then, that you find hard to forgive?" I asked.

"Graham? Forgive him? Well, would I have been happier if the poor guy had waited out my pregnancy by jerking himself off? Frankly, yes. Occasionally I could have come up and done the job for him. We'd have taken care of Big Boy. I've put my mouth on it a number of times and brought on an explosion."

"I'm a woman. I'm jealous. Maybe I've no right to be jealous. I'll tell you why later on. I've been no self-contained angel, you know. But I'm selfish. I'd like my dear darling husband to hold that dick exclusively for mama."

"Don't tell me he couldn't have masturbated for a few months. We married when he was about twenty-five, I think, and he sure hadn't had much of the real thing up until that time. He's a lovable guy, but he never was

a pretty boy. You could say he was a little homely—except down there between his legs. And he never did make out much with the girls, being a quiet, shy sort."

"Those are the kind that can be dynamite too, let me tell you! Graham appreciated me like few men ever had, and when I happen to feel that thing through his pants leg one night, I knew here was my husband to be!"

"I even tried some of it before we got married—such as my impatience for such a nice big thing. After we were married I'd often lie there beside him and pull that curved muscle down and watch it snap back up against his hairy belly. If he was standing up, it was so easy to grab hold of it and jerk, because it pointed straight up at me."

"My husband likes me to jerk him off. He'd been on the flat fucking for several years, like I mentioned, before he met and won me. He did his stint in the Navy—four years, I think—and it was pin-up girls and meat beating for my darling during those years especially."

"I'll bet he didn't tell you about our little game: where I'd play like a pin up girl coming to life, and he'd jerk that big thing and point it right at me and fire away. It was all part of our swinging. It gave me one hell of a thrill to see the bulging head puking that buttermilk. 'Shame, shame! You naughty boy!' I'd elude, as I pranced teasingly and nakedly around the bed. If I had to, to bring him to erection again, I'd commence fingering myself. This always had a hell of an effect on Graham."

Mrs. Gower panted ever so slightly as she reminisced.

"Oh, well, let's face it. I've probably fucked myself, one way or another, more than any man has ever fucked me. It's all in the game and it's all fun. I mean, I haven't always had a man just when I wanted and needed one. What do you think I did most of the time I was pregnant? I wasn't downstairs reading a book or watching TV. Not just that. Actually I can finger myself like hell while reading a juicy sex story. No grunting man pressing down on me, and my legs could be comfortably spread instead of up in a V for victory sign."

"The truth then, if I must tell you?"

"I'm just glad I didn't have to advise my daughter to get in there and take care of her father. But along about that time, when I was carrying Michael, I used to feel very sorry for my hubby. I knew he was up there pumping Big Boy and unloding it in a towel or some Kleenex. Ha ha! He tells me my daughter called it 'King Kong' for a while. He'd be picturing me as I was before my pregnancy. And so there was no use me going up there and spoiling his vision."

"When the two of them commenced going to all those drive-in movies, I thought, well, there's sublimation for you. Be a Daddy more and less of a sex-craved masturbator. Mother, after all, was doing enough for both of us during that lonely loveless nine months."

"Somehow or another it always seemed more of a waste, more of a sin, for a man to beat a big fine erection into a waste of soft cock, spilling all that good juice into a handkerchief or Kleenex. For a woman to finger herself was no great waste or loss because... well, somehow it's just more fun for a woman is all. You really can't tell by looking at a woman whether she's shot her wad, as men call it. I can be absolutely cooled—let's say after three or four orgasms, and still give a man the idea I'm right at the brink of going again. Really turns them on too."



"I once screwed two big he-men right into exhaustion and put them both to sleep, while my box worked better and better as it became juicier and juicier. I pretended the whole time I was riding a pinnacle of unsubiding passion, or orgasms that followed sweet orgasms. It was fun to watch them—Marv and Carl—ha ha! They were determined to put my fire out. I'll admit they almost drove me out of my cool for the first couple of hours, because the moment I would have one of those big dicks melted down, the other one would be up straight and waiting for me to straddle it.

"I'd hurry to make the switch so that I'd finally have both dongs lying down at the same time. The whole thing was so much fun to me at first that I orgasmed until I was weak as milk. This was, after all, when I was an uncontrollable fourteen. Yes. And the two big men that were making a wreck out of me were my big brothers. They were the he-men.

"Weakly I flopped over on my back, I remember, and made them do the work for a while. I pretended to be in a swoon, which for a while I was in. And those two bastards fucked the daylight out of me. Also out of themselves.

"When each at last rolled over exhausted, I was able to raise up, straddle their big naked bodies, and lift a penis up with each hand to show the trophies I had taken. They would have laughed, but they were both too weak.

"Do you want to hear my whole story, Mr.?" Martha asked me, after just a brief pause and a lift of the eyelids. "It's a damned good one, if you want to hear it. Maybe a lot better than Mister Gower's!"

I said that I hoped she wasn't telling the story of her life just to entertain me.

"Do you find it boring?" she asked.

"I do not find it all boring," I said with a slight smile. "I will want to talk with your daughter tomorrow, you know. And I suppose it is good to find that each of you do live in a glass house."

"Right," she said. "And none can cast the first stone. Isn't that what you mean?"

"No family ought to be throwing rocks at each other," I said. "At the world outside, possibly, with less harm. But you and your daughter and your husband and the kids that are coming on, Mike and Cindy, should realize each person is weak and in some situations this weakness can't endure the temptations."

"Temptations, my eye! When you think you might just might get by with it, that's when you go for your kick. You're not weak. You're just waiting for your chance. Then—"

No rationalizations here, I decided. Sin was its own reward, someone had said.

I told the pretty woman seated there so coquettishly studying me that I was ready to hear her autobiography. "This doesn't mean that I approve, of course," I added.

Those lovely grey eyes sought mine, held them.

"But of course," she said, and her full lips moved sensuously to open and take in the tip of the cigarette she had lit.

What follows is my client's word for word account, which I had tape recorded, as I had much of Mr. Gower's story.



# INTER

# STATE

# SWINGER

She turned off the water and stepped out of the shower stall, still chuckling to herself. She took a towel and began to dry her body. As she dabbed the hair around her pussy, she said aloud, "Get very nice and dry, sweetie. You have to be nice and dry when your daddy comes."

"Maybe I should have taken a douche," she said. "Oh, fuck it. It'll be nice to know that Danny's come—already inside me—will be joined by the juice of my new lover."

When she finished drying herself off, she combed her hair and walked out of the bathroom into the small bedroom of the cabin. Opening the closet, she pulled out a blue swimsuit and stepped into it. Then she walked out of the bedroom and started towards the kitchen.

Just then she heard the bell.

That's him, she thought. Armen is here.

It was the bell: it was the bell from the gate. There was a little buzzer on the outside fence that surrounded the house and the garden.

"Oh hell," she said, "I was about to prepare lunch. But never mind, it'll serve him right. Why should I make lunch for him and then tell him to get the fuck out? I'll let him eat whatever he can find."

She went into the livingroom and found her shoes. She slipped them on and hurried to the front door and, as she ran down the driveway, she waved at the tall, dark figure who stood at the locked gate.

She noted that his car was parked just in front of the gate and the motor was still running.

"Slow down," he yelled. "There's no rush. You'll get tired."

Jill stopped running, but continued to walk at a very rapid pace. As she reached the gate, she unlocked the big lock and Armen pushed the big gates open. They stood there for a moment, arms locked in a long, full kiss.

Then Armen Granatis took her over to his car. When she was seated in the convertible, he went around to the other side and seated himself under the wheel. He drove the car into the gate and stopped.

"Why'd you stop?" asked Jill.

"Well, don't we have to lock the gate?" said Armen.

"No," she said, "my beautiful Greek. We don't. We'll leave it open. After all, Mr. Frye will soon be driving out this gate."

"Oh, he's here," Armen said, starting the car.

"Yes," she said, "he's here. I wanted him to see the man he's losing me to and have him how it feels to be jealous. I wanted him to know that somebody can want me for me and not for my money. But most of all, I want to see the expression on his face when I tell him that we're in love."

"Not just me in love with you," she said, "but both of us in love with each other."

The dark Greek brought his car to a stop just in front of the cabin. He got out and went around and opened the door for Jill. She ate this kind of shit up. She really enjoyed being treated like a lady. Indeed, she'd like to be treated like a queen, and this was the way

Armen treated her—as though she were the crown princess, the heir to the throne, the last woman left on earth, the most perfect bitch ever created.

When Jill was out of the car, he closed the door and then walked ahead of her to open the door of the cabin. When they were inside, Jill turned to him and said, "Stop, Armen. Let me look at you a moment. Let me see how you look in the dimness of the cabin. This is going to be our rendezvous, you know."

She backed off a few feet and stared at the Greek.

He was six four. He weighed a hundred ninety pounds. The generous growth of black hair on his head was just like the hair that covered his body all over. He was as hairy as an ape.

Jill always loved hairy men. She thought there was something so masculine, so beautiful, so enchanting, so charming about a man whose body was very hairy. And though Armen was wearing long pants,



her eyes could still see the dark, silky hair that covered his thighs and legs, that caressed his belly button, that clustered on his chest like a thick forest.

He wore a blue silk shirt with a wide open collar exposing the top part of his chest, all covered with black silky hair. His arms were massive. They too, were covered with hair. Muscular, lean, lithe, athletic looking. His lips were full, and his hazel eyes shown like two huge moons against his dark skin.

Now Jill's eyes were focused on one place: Armen's crotch.

He had never fucked her, but she had been introduced personally to the huge monstrosity that hung between his legs.

"What's easy?" said Jill. "I don't understand."

"I mean," Armen started to explain, "that it's easy to make love when you're really in love."

"Oh, Armen, you do say the nicest things. And I appreciate them. It isn't like having Danny say them. He says them like it's a script. Like it's something he's supposed to say."

"I wonder what he's going to say when he discovers us?" Armen said.

"Well, we'll know soon enough," she said. "Would you like a drink?"

"Yes," he said. "I could really use a drink."

"Jill!" he called out.

"Jill!" said Danny, crossing the room towards the kitchen.

As he reached the kitchen door, Jill was coming out with a tray filled with sandwiches and potato chips.

"Oh, hi Danny. Did you enjoy your swim?"

"Wait a minute, Jill," he said as she walked past him. "I want to know what the fuck is going on here. Who the fuck is this cat?"

"Oh, that's Armen, dear. Armen, I'd like you to meet Danny Frye.

"Danny, this is Armen Granatis."



They had seen each other seven times, but on very brief occasions. And on the last time, they had had a half hour to spend together and she had sucked his long, thick, beautiful cock.

It was the biggest dick she had ever seen in her life—and she'd seen many. It was even larger than Danny's. She remembered having asked him exactly what the dimensions of his huge tool were and he had smiled and told her to measure it and see for herself.

Of course, not being a lady who walked around with a tape measure in her pocket, she just had to guess.

"Okay, darling," Jill said to Armen, "come over and sit down. Relax. I know it's been a long, hard drive."

"Yeah, it's rather hot outside," he said. "Do you mind if I take off my shirt?"

"Do I mind?" Jill beamed. "Of course I don't mind. I'd be delighted just to see that massive chest of yours."

"Oh, you're going to do more than just see it," he said.

"Yes, the promise of that has kept me living all morning in eager anticipation of having you make love to me."

"That's easy to do," said Armen.

"Well, Armen darling," said Jill, "since this is going to be your home as much as it's going to be mine, you might as well get used to making it yourself. There's the bar. Now, I'm going to run off into the kitchen and make some lunch."

She disappeared into the kitchen and Armen went to the bar and mixed himself a Tom Collins. As he turned and started back to the sofa, his attention was turned to the other side of the room.

Danny slid the huge glass doors back and walked in, shaking the water from his body. When he was a few steps inside the door, he looked up and said, "Who the fuck are you, man?"

"My name is Armen. I'm Armen Granatis." "So who the fuck is Armen-Granatis?" said Danny. "And what are you doing here? Where's Jill?"

"She's making lunch," said Armen.

Danny stood there looking at him. He couldn't make all of this out. What the fuck was going on? He had come here to spend his last day with Jill before he left to go to New York tomorrow. Why the fuck would she invite somebody else? She always liked to be alone with him herself.

"Like I asked him," said Danny, "who the fuck is Armen Granatis? And what the hell is he doing here? We're supposed to have the whole day alone together."

"Well, dear," said Jill, "I'm afraid we've had all the time alone together we're going to have."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"She means," said Armen, rising from the sofa, "that the affair between you and she is over. Jill and I are in love."

The tall man placed his arm around Jill's shoulders and Danny just stood there looking up at him.

He was like a towering, dark giant. Like a hairy ape. And Danny wasn't about to start any shit with him.

Oh, Danny was not one to back down from a fight. But he wasn't about to start a fight with this ape, either. The odds were too great against him. The guy outweighed him and was much taller than he was. And his hands looked so big that they probably equaled two of Danny's hands.

No, this guy's size really wasn't in Danny's favor. And even if Danny did start a fight with him, judging from the few lines he had just heard, this was Jill's new guy and she would



probably be very offended if Danny hurt him. On the other hand, she'd probably rejoice if he hurt Danny. And Danny was not in the market today for a good asskicking.

"Oh, I see," said Danny, sitting down in a chair.

"Yes," said Jill. "I didn't know how to tell you, Danny dear. But you really have become rather a bore."

"Oh?" he said. "What the fuck do you mean I've become a bore?"

Armen walked over and stood in front of Danny.

"Why don't you shut up and let her have her say. Then if you want to say anything in response, then you talk. But in the meantime, be quiet, buster. Listen to her."

"That's right, Danny," said Jill, "it's about time you started listening to me. You've been dictating too long. You've been directing and charting this relationship all along. Now it's my turn. You came into my life with a bang, and you're going to leave the same way."

"Your moods have become unbearable. You don't even want to fuck me any more. All you want to do is collect my money. And make bills that I have to pay. I'm tired of it, Danny. I can't take it any longer. So I think it's just best that we part ways."

"Yeah. Okay. Sure," said Danny. "Except I think it's funny as hell."

"What do you mean by that?" said Armen. "I mean," said Danny, standing up, "that I came here today with one intention."

"And what was that?" said Jill, looking a little alarmed.

"I had planned to come here today because this is going to be our last day together. I'm leaving for New York tomorrow. But I guess the tricks on me."

"Yeah. I guess it is," said Armen.

"Even so," said Jill, rising, "there's no reason we shouldn't part friends."

"Yes, I agree with that," said Armen. "I have nothing against you. And as long as you don't demonstrate anything against Jill, we'll all part friends."

"Yeah," said Danny. "Well, I'll just collect my jacket and leave."

"Oh no," said Jill. "Let us sit down and have lunch. We're in no rush to be rid of you, darling. We like you. Don't we, Armen?"

"Yeah, I guess," said Armen. "He looks like a likeable fellow."

Danny didn't want to pick any fights, but this shit was going too far. He now felt that he was being played with by these two, and he wouldn't stand for that from anyone.

"Now wait just a fucking minute," he said. "I don't give two shits if this mug likes me or not. I don't really care if you like me or not, either. Just give me my bread and I'll get out of here."

"Not so fast," said Armen. "You be nice to her. You treat her like a lady, or I'll show you what a gentleman does with thugs like you."

"Look, man," said Danny, rising, "all I want is to get my money and get the fuck out of here. And you and Jill can both go to hell together."

Suddenly, Armen raised his right hand and gave Danny a quick punch to the chin which sent him sailing to the floor.

"Please, boys, please," said Jill. "There's no reason to fight. We're all friends, remember?"

"Friends, my ass," said Danny. "Friends of yours behave like this? Look, man, I told you before, I don't want no trouble. All I want's my money and I'm gonna get out of here."

"I told you, Danny," said Jill, "there's no rush. Besides, you really haven't rendered the service as yet."

"What the fuck are you talking about, Jill?" said Danny. "Didn't I fuck you on the floor not more than half an hour ago?"

Just as Danny stood up, Armen hit him again and sent him sailing to the floor.

"I told you, buddy, you speak to her like a gentleman."

"Yeah," said Danny. "Yeah, sure. But you raise your hand to me one more time, you big ape, and I'm going to speak to you with the first fucking thing I can get my hands on."

Jill jumped between them.

"No, boys, no. Let us be adult about this."

She turned to Danny as Armen sat again on the sofa.

"Danny, you said you came here to spend the day with me, right? Well, then why not stay a little longer? Let's have lunch and then we'll have a little fun."

"What kind of fun can we have?" said Danny. "You've got your mug here. What do

you need me for?"

"We want you to watch," said Armen. "We want you to watch what you're going to be missing."

Suddenly, Danny rose again to his feet.

"Now listen, if you two perverts think I'm going to watch you two fuck and suck, you're out of your goddamn minds. I'm getting the fuck out of here, and right now!"

"Not so fast," said Armen, grabbing him by the collar and pushing him into a chair. "You were invited to lunch, buster. Now you eat that lunch while you still have the teeth for it."

The three sat quietly and ate the sandwiches and potato chips. Then Armen went to the bar and made three more drinks. As he set the glass down in front of Danny, Danny looked up at him and smiled.

"I don't know if that smile is sincere," said Armen, "and I really don't care. But I'm glad you've taken a better attitude."

"My attitude will improve greatly when I can get my money and get out of here," said Danny.

"In good time. In good time," said Jill.

"Relax, Danny," said Armen, calling Danny by his first name for the first time. "No one's going to hurt you. All we want to have is an enjoyable afternoon. And if we all just be adults about this thing, it'll turn out good for all of us."

"That's right," said Jill. "Armen, you always know the right things to say."

The two men sat quietly as Jill started to gather the dishes. When she had put all the plates on the tray, she went to the kitchen.

"I really feel like something of a heel," said Armen to Danny.

"Why, man? You're getting the goods. You should feel happy."

"I'm getting what I want," said Armen. "I don't want Jill for her money. I'm not interested in her money. I have enough of that of my own. And I earned it myself."

"Yeah, man," said Danny, "but you're in a different bag than I am."

"Maybe if you change your bag," said Armen, "you'd have a little more success and you'd find life a little easier to live."

"Oh, my life is easy," said Danny. "I have no complaints. I get just about everything I want out of life and I don't have to work too hard to get it."

"That's your trouble," said Armen. "When you work for something, you can appreciate it a little more."

"Look, man," said Danny. "I don't need no lectures from you. I don't want to hear any. What I do is my fucking business. And if I get paid for it, that's my business too."

"But if it's Jill's money that pays you," said Armen, "then it becomes my business."

"Well, look man," said Danny, "after today you won't have to worry about that anymore, because I'm getting the fuck out of Florida. I'm going to New York where the happenings are. Where people are really hip to themselves."

"Look, man, don't start your harsh language again," said Armen.

"I'm not starting any harsh language," said Danny. "I'm just telling you that I want my fucking bread and I want to get out of here."

"Do you realize," said Armen, "that it I tell Jill not to give you a cent, she won't! And that's what I really should do. I have no respect for a person who lives like a parasite off other people."

"Look, man, your bag is yours, and my bag is mine," said Danny. "We came here for a reason. Jill's reason was to have me. My reason was to get paid for her having me. And that's all I want—to get paid and get out of here."

At that moment, Jill returned from the kitchen.

"Shall we have another drink, boys?"

"Yeah, I could use one," said Danny. "And make it a triple."

"I'll make the drinks," said Armen. "I could use one, too. Sit down, Jill. Relax. You'll work your beautiful hands rough."

She smiled as he walked past her and walked over to the bar. He put the old glasses in the sink behind the bar and took down three new ones. After measuring out the liquor and mixing it in the glasses, he came back over and gave Jill her first. Then he set his own down on the table and walked over to Danny.

"I want you to accept this drink as a friendly gesture. I have nothing against you. What you do is your business. The way you live your life is your business. But after today, if you ever bother Jill again, I'll blow your fucking brains out."

Danny sat there stunned for a moment. He knew that this big man meant every word he said—and the words he was saying. Danny knew, were not a love poem. He realized that these words could be his epitaph, and he wasn't about to have his candle snuffed out so soon.

"Groovy, man," he said, lifting his glass to Armen. "I'll have this drink with you two, and then I'll leave you in perfect peace."

"Why don't we bring our drinks into the bedroom, boys?" said Jill.

"What are we going in the bedroom for?" said Danny.

"You'll find out when you get there," Armen said.

"Wait a minute. If you two creeps think I'm going to watch you fuck, you've got another thing coming."

Armen stood up slowly and put his hands on his hips.

"Okay," said Danny. "All right. But I want you to know that I'm only doing this because I want to get my bread and get out of here. And it seems like this is the only way I'm going to get it."

"Now that's the spirit!" said Jill.

She picked up her glass and led the two men into the bedroom. Danny sat down in a chair just inside the door while Armen and Jill went over to the bed.

As they lay arm in arm on the bed, Armen stared into Jill's eyes.

"You are beautiful," he said. "You're just as beautiful as you were that night I met you on the terrace at the Statler Hilton hotel."

"And you're just as dashing and debonair as the Prince Charming I thought you were," she said.

"Oh, please," said Danny, "do we have to go through this soap opera bit today? Look, man, I don't want to watch you two. I don't want to have to listen to you two. I just want to get my bread and get out of here."

Armen and Jill went on kissing, ignoring his words.

Danny watched the sight with disgust. This is a fucking blip, he thought to himself. Me, sitting here watching this bitch get fucked by another man. It's not my idea of fun.

But then he noticed that Armen's movements were interesting. He had a refined way of making love. As he kissed and fondled Jill's body, his hands slowly manipulated the zipper of her blue swimsuit and soon it was completely unzipped and Armen was sliding off her body. And yet, that kiss had never broken.

Man, thought Danny, this guy is really smooth. Real smooth. That's something I'll have to practice.

Then Armen took Jill and rolled her over on top of him. As they continued to kiss, he slowly unbuckled his trousers and opened the zipper. Then, rising slowly with Jill still in his arms, he stood on his feet and his trousers and then he and Jill sat back down on the bed, their lips and tongue still locked together.

Shit, thought Danny, this guy really is hairy as an ape.

And Armen was. He even had hair on his back as Danny noticed while Armen's back was to him while Jill slowly slid Armen's briefs off his body.

And now they were both nude, writhing and fondling on the bed. Then their kiss broke and Armen took one of Jill's tits in his hand and he began to squeeze and knead it. At the same time, his mouth went to her eye and his tongue played with her eyeball.

Son of a bitch, thought Danny, that would turn me off. Some creep sticking his tongue in my eyeball.

But then Armen's tongue made its way down the bridge of Jill's nose and he stuck the tip of his tongue into one nostril for a moment. Then he took it out and stuck it into the other nostril. Then he placed his mouth over Jill's nose and began to blow in. At the same time, Armen's long, thick fingers were playing at the lips of Jill's hole.

It didn't look to Danny as if Armen was fingering her cunt. It looked like he was playing the piano. But no matter how it looked to Danny, it felt wonderful to Jill. Her legs were swinging themselves about madly. She couldn't get them far enough apart. Armen was setting her cunt hole on fire.

Occasionally his nail would scrape against the inner tissue of her cunt wall. It hurt, but it was a good hurt. The pain only lasted for a few moments, but the pain was ecstasy. It excited her even more.

Then Armen turned back on his back and Jill lay across his chest. Danny nearly lost his breath when he saw Armen's massive meat stick straight up in the air. He was sure he was the most well hung stud in Miami Beach, but now back as Danny noticed while Armen's back was to him was he had met someone even larger. It seemed to him while Jill slowly slid Armen's briefs off his body was the biggest one they had ever seen, but now he had witnessed a larger one.

Suddenly, Armen turned Jill over on her back. He lifted her legs at the bend of her knee and placed her ankles on his broad shoulders. Danny didn't know why, but he could now feel a tightening in his groin. His dick was rising. This cock of his was getting harder.





# SAGITTARIUS

**Born November 29** MAN. Pedantic outlook on sexual matters. Very staid and unadventurous. Small build, insignificant genitalia. WOMAN. Prim and starchy type. Frigidly likely. Tall and frail. Breasts nothing to speak of. Narrow pelvis.

**Born November 30** MAN. Daring, and takes risks with sexual activities. Good looking and nicely equipped physically. WOMAN. Not exciting, and mentally unemotional where sex drive is concerned. Could be portly later, with breasts too over developed.

**Born December 1** MAN. Decided satyr type. Very attractive, well proportioned. Good genitals. Active, virile. WOMAN. easily disillusioned in sexual matters. Good to look at, with fine physique. Sex drive negated by lack of emotional 'give'.

**Born December 3** MAN A deviate. Sexually strong. WOMAN. Cold and frigid. Good body quite wasted by negative attitude to sex drive.

THIS TABLE OF DATES OF THE MONTH IN WHICH YOU WERE BORN WILL SHOW YOUR SEXUAL PROWESS. IF YOU DO NOT KNOW THE EXACT HOUR OF YOUR BIRTH THEN THESE BIRTHDAYS WILL GIVE YOU A CLUE AS TO WHICH HOUR YOU WERE BORN. SIMPLY READ BACK AND FIND THE HOUR THAT MOST APPROXIMATES TO YOUR BIRTHDAY ACCORDING TO THESE NOTES.

## SAGITTARIUS

**Born December 3** MAN A deviate. Sexually strong. WOMAN. Cold and frigid. Good body quite wasted by negative attitude to sex drive.

**Born December 4** MAN. Decided strong sexual urges, sometimes almost uncontrollable. Over developed genitals and thick-set

physique. WOMAN. Stressful and strained sexually. Seldom finds satisfaction. Thin built, narrow pelvis and boyish breasts.

**Born December 5** MAN. Liking for mild perversions. Small genitalia. Sex drive introverted. WOMAN. Not satisfactory to male sex. Small of build and openly hostile to sexual congress.

**Born December 6** MAN. Nervous disposition and erratic nature negates sex drive. Not too well proportioned physical characteristics. WOMAN. Essentially feminine in all respects. Very strong sex drive. Good breasts, pelvis and thighs.

**Born December 7** MAN. Degenerate and misguided sex urges. Could be a trouble to associates. But good to look at. WOMAN. Guileless and seemingly innocent. But vivid sex urge, and this is activated by super body construction.

**Born December 8** MAN. Sex is of little consequence. Impotent more times than none. Large body and good physical development all round. WOMAN. Fragile body, small, delicate breasts and narrow pelvis cause sex drive to be sublimated more through fear than anything else.

**Born December 9** MAN. Very determined sexual subject. Most positive in sex drive. Strong, powerful physique, good genitalia. WOMAN. Fertile, maternal. Sexual, but this is well under control.

THE HOUR AT WHICH YOU WERE BORN MAY MODIFY OR CHANGE THE CHARACTERISTICS YOU HAVE JUST READ. THE HOUR OF BIRTH CAN MAKE A PERSON TOTALLY DIFFERENT FROM ANOTHER PERSON BORN JUST BEFORE OR JUST AFTER.

## SAGITTARIUS

YOUR ASTROLOGICAL CHART	Capricorn	10th House
" " " " " "	Aquarius	11th " " "
" " " " " "	Pisces	12th " " "
" " " " " "	Aries	1st " " "
" " " " " "	Taurus	2nd " " "
" " " " " "	Gemini	3rd " " "
" " " " " "	Cancer	4th " " "
" " " " " "	Leo	5th " " "
" " " " " "	Virgo	6th " " "
" " " " " "	Libra	7th " " "
" " " " " "	Scorpio	8th " " "
" " " " " "	Sagittarius	9th " " "

## THE TWELVE SYMBOLIC SIGNS, WITH RULING PLANET

10th House	Capricorn
11th " "	Aquarius
12th " "	Pisces
1st " "	Aries
2nd " "	Taurus
3rd " "	Gemini
4th " "	Cancer
5th " "	Leo
6th " "	Virgo
7th " "	Libra
8th " "	Scorpio
9th " "	Sagittarius

## THE TWELVE ASTRONOMICAL STAR GUIDES

Capricorn the Goat
Aquarius the Waterbearer
Pisces the Fishes
Aries the Ram
Taurus the Bull
Gemini the Twins
Cancer the Crab
Leo the Lion
Virgo the Virgin
Libra the Balance
Scorpio the Scorpion
Sagittarius the Archer

## TABLE OF SEXUAL STONES to influence Sexual Ability

Star Sign	Stones	Effect
CAPRICORN	AMBER AMETHYST	Good procreation. Promotes passion.
AQUARIUS	JASPER EMERALD	Protects against frigidity. Gives strength, virility.
PISCES	JACINTH	Imparts sex appeal and is a general relaxing agent.
ARIES	DIAMOND	Clears the mind and adds to sexual awareness.
TAURUS	GARNET CORAL	Makes sexual experience vivid. Gives added facility to the female, vigour to the male.
GEMINI	SAPPHIRE OPAL	For freedom of sexual action. Increases sexual power.
CANCER	ONYX	Overcomes sexual tiredness and enriches bloodstream.
LEO	AGATE	Gives increased appreciation of sexual congress.
VIRGO	MALACHITE	Helps self-control over sexual excesses.
LIBRA	TOPAZ	Gives new life to tired bodies.
SCORPIO	TURQUOISE	Influences imagination and heightens sexual enjoyment.
SAGITTARIUS	PEARL RUBY	Banishes crudity and gives refinement to sex desires. Increases waning passion.

These Sexual Stones should be either worn about the person as rings, bracelets, pendants, fobs or necklaces during sexual congress, or placed on or near the nuptial bed.

**Careers** Men—Photographers, fashion, hairdressers. Women—Ballet dancers, show-girls, secretaries, dance instructors, milliners, florists, tennis players.

**Sex Life** Men—Secret, effeminately inclined, exhibitionistic. Women—Secret, Lesbian-minded, exhibitionist.



# JISSOM JANITOR

Frank had given Jimmy carte blanche. Whenever he wanted, all he had to do was go to any room and fuck the girl of his choice. But before this—and this was the catch—he had to service the girls in need of it.

If most of Frank's clients were like that old guy, Jimmy would have a full time job. There would be, in fact, little time for fucking on his own, though he probably wouldn't even want to. No, Jimmy wasn't a pig, at least not where sex was concerned. He could see a time when he would probably get sick of it. That was when he planned to quit and take off for somewhere.

By the time Jimmy was ready to leave, he had a clear picture of the operation. He felt confident that he could handle anything that came up.

"I've got a late date," he said as he stood up.

"Ellen?" Frank asked.

"Yeah, a little unfinished business."

Frank shook his head. "Just save some for me," HE SAID

"I will."

"I know you will."

Jimmy left and went down the hallway to the living room. Ellen was sitting with Mary and the redhead. It was quiet. The girls were obviously tired, and the redhead looked pissed off about something. Jimmy didn't inquire.

"All set?" he asked Ellen.

"Sure." She stood up. She was as tall as Jimmy. She was a big animal. "See you tomorrow, Mary," she said.

"Have fun."

"Goodnight Jimmy," the redhead said.

"Yeah," he replied. "Let's go."

Ellen walked before him down the hallway. Jimmy nodded to the Greek as they left. The night air felt cool on their faces. The air smelled fresh and clean for a change. The atmosphere in Frank's house was oppressive once it got smoky and the air got stale.

"Ever do anything with him?" Jimmy asked.

"Who?"

"The Greek."

"Never have. Why?"

"Just trying to get a line on him, that's all," he replied.

"Why?"

"It might come in handy some time."

"I doubt it," she said.



They walked along streets empty of people.

It didn't matter, though. Jimmy was glad to be outside. So was she, he imagined.

"Why's that?"

"He's a tough guy, never says anything to anybody," she said.

"Ever seen him do anything?"

"Like what?"

"Like use his muscle."

"No, I never have."

"Then what does he do there?" Jimmy asked as he pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

"Just stands there, I guess."

"Yeah. Want a drink?"

"Okay. Not too much though. I've been sort of hitting it all night."

"So have I."

They walked along, heading in the general direction of Jimmy's apartment. Soon the neighborhood became familiar to him. He was on his home ground now. He steered her into a little bar that he usually took his women to, and they sat in a booth. The place was pretty empty. There were a few regulars, but that was about all.

Jimmy ordered the drinks. The waiter's eyes appreciated Ellen's body. Jimmy gave him

a dirty look when he brought back the drinks.

"Well, how'd you like your first night?" she asked him.

"It was okay."

Ellen arched her eyebrows. "Just okay?"

"Yeah, just okay. What did you expect, for me to offer to work there for nothing?"

"A lot of guys probably would."

"That's their problem."

"And what's your problem?" she asked.

"Nothing in particular."

"Mysterious, aren't you?"

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Jimmy put his hand on her thigh under the table. It was hard where it should have been, and soft in all the right places. Ellen reacted by spreading her legs a little. Jimmy rubbed her leg before he moved his hand a little so that he could touch the inner part. It was warm. Ellen leaned closer to him. He could sense excitement in her body, and it added to his own.

"Let's go up to my place. It'll be more comfortable there," she said.

"I thought you'd never ask," he said.

"Wise guy."

Jimmy threw some bills on the table, and they left. More than one pair of eyes gave Ellen's ass a long, hard look as she walked out of the bar. She took Jimmy's arm and gave it a little squeeze as they walked down the street.

"Do you live far from here?" he asked.

"We'll be there before you know it."

"I'll bet we will."

She was right. Like most girls in her profession, Ellen lived well. The doorman opened the door for them. Maybe he knew what she did, maybe he didn't. If she was smart, she never brought tricks home with her. Jimmy was all right. Every girl in the city could be expected to bring home two or three guys a week. Nobody thought anything about it. They had to get laid, too.

Ellen pushed one of the high numbers and the elevator sped silently to her floor. She got out and led Jimmy down the carpeted hallway to the door of her apartment.

"This is it," she said. She opened the door and flicked on the light switch. Jimmy stepped inside and looked about.

"Pretty fancy," he said.

The apartment was just short of being opulent. "It's comfortable."

"I'm sure it is. If you're ever in the market for a roommate, let me know."

"I'll remember that. Sit down. Would you like a nightcap?"

"Sure."

"Anything special."

"Whatever you're having."

Ellen walked to the liquor cabinet and made two drinks. She kept them simple and to the point. Jimmy sat on a large leather couch covered with real leather. At least, that's the way it smelled. He accepted the drink. Ellen went over to her stereo and turned it on.

"It must make life real simple," Jimmy observed as he took it all in.

"What's that?"

"This, the pad. It's enough to seduce a guy all by itself. You don't have to do anything."

"Every now and then I like to take a hand in it myself, just so I don't forget."

Ellen sat down opposite him and crossed her legs. Jimmy felt a twinge in his crotch as he got a good look at the upper part of her thighs. Her legs were long and perfectly shaped. The rest of her was okay, too, but it was her legs which made her a knock-out.

Jimmy wondered why he didn't just leap across and ram his hand between her legs to grab hold of her cunt. No, that wasn't his way. Smooth and in control, that was his way. Let her start to squirm around. Besides, he needed a little time to get back into it. He had a lot of cunt thrown at him this evening. This time he wanted to take it easy before he made his move.

Time's up, he thought to himself. He stood up and went over to her and sat down on the arm of the chair. Ellen looked up at him.

Jimmy reached down and caressed one of her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra and her breasts jiggled noticeably under her blouse when he touched it. Ellen put one of her hands on his thigh and caressed it.

"I'm glad you came over," she whispered.

"Yeah, so am I."

"Sometimes it's real shitty there."

"At Frank's?"

"Yes."

"I can imagine it would be."

He slowly unbuttoned her blouse and exposed her breasts. They weren't the largest things he had ever played with, but they were big enough, probably bigger than most. They were nice and he liked to jiggle them around and watch them shake. He rubbed them until he felt her nipples rise and harden, then he gave them a couple of good pinches.

Ellen put her hand on his crotch and rubbed it until she felt his rod begin to harden. Soon, it was bulging against his trousers.

"Sometimes in there you just want a cock that'll stay hard for a long time," she said.

"Most of them don't, huh?"

"No, they're all like that guy. You'd think that with all the trouble they went to to get it up in the first place they'd make damn sure it stayed that way for a while."

"Doesn't work that way, huh?"

He didn't mind humoring her. Besides, she didn't know he was doing it.

"No. Every now and then, but most of the time they pop pretty soon," she said.

Jimmy began to rub her back. He could feel the small, almost invisible fine body hairs. They rose and fell under his touch.

"Is that why Frank keeps a stud around?"

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody. I just sort of figured it out all by myself," he said.

"Sometimes he does. A lot of the girls get real bitchy after a while."

"So, why not use a dildo?"

"It's not the same thing."

"He can probably get real cock just as cheap."

"Does he get you cheap?"

"Me? No, baby. This piece of meat comes high, real high."

"Then why are you giving it away?"

"To you?"

Jimmy slipped his hands in between her legs and began to rub upward. Ellen let her head fall backward. Her breasts jiggled forward. She slipped a hand under his shirt and began to tease his stomach and chest. She was good, very good. Jimmy slowly worked his way up to where he could feel the cunt hairs and the bottom of her triangle. She was warm and soft.

"To me or anybody else."

"It's a different thing."

"Yes, I know what you mean."

Of course she did. He was no better or worse than she. Two whores who fucked because they wanted to. It was a lot different than when they did it for the dough. It was still the same cock or the same cunt, but it was totally different. It even made them feel like human beings again.

The booze was doing good things to Jimmy. So was Ellen's hand as it unbuttoned his shirt. She caressed his chest before she took down his trousers.

Jimmy stood up and undressed. He

preferred to do it that way. It was quicker, and being undressed by a woman didn't do anything to him anyway.

When he was naked and his cock fully erected, he got down on his knees in front of her. She spread her legs wide for him. He kissed and rubbed the inside of her thighs. Then he reached up and grabbed hold of her panties. He slid them down her legs and off her body. Now he could do what he wanted.

He suddenly mashed his face against her cunt. He ran his tongue up and down the entire length of her slit before he found her love button. He swirled his tongue around and around it and it became erect.

Above him, Ellen panted and started to squirm about as the tiny organ sent jolts of excitement and pleasure through her body. He nibbled on it, gently. Ellen panted and moaned louder. He grabbed her hips so that he could keep his mouth where it would do the most good.

Ellen felt her stomach fill and then it began to spit out come. She spasmed and orgasmed violently. She reached down and held his head tightly against her cunt. Her come flowed out of her, and into his waiting mouth. He lapped it up, every bit of it, before he stuck his tongue as far up her canal as it would go. He flicked it quickly in and out as he mashed his lips and teeth against her fleshy cunt. Ellen twisted about. Her breasts shook on her chest and she closed her eyes.

Then he was finished, at least with that part of her. His lips and cheeks glistened and shined from her come which had splashed over him. He wiped it off with the back of his hand as he stood up. He reached down and took a quick swig of his drink. No sense in taking unnecessary chances.

His cock was close to her face. Ellen sat up on the edge of the chair and caressed his buttocks and thighs as she slowly drew him close. Then she parted her lips and took his bulging head into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around and around it as her hands cupped and fondled and teased his balls. They stirred around a little.

Ellen took his head out of her mouth and stabbed out at his balls with her tongue. She opened her mouth wide and took them inside of her as if she were trying to heat them up. That's exactly what she did. By the time she let them fall out gently, they were aching to come right in her mouth.

She started at the bottom and ran her tongue slowly up the sensitive underside of his prick. Then she opened her mouth again and slipped his glistening head into her.

Her hands cupped his balls as she slowly moved her face closer to his body. His shaft disappeared into her mouth. Her cheeks bulged and she breathed through distended nostrils. Her hands caressed his buttocks as Jimmy started to move his cock around inside her mouth.

He grabbed two handfuls of her hair. Then he began to give her a good, fat, hard mouthfucking. He slapped his prick in and out of her, ramming it deep down her throat. He didn't care if she gagged or not. She didn't either because her cunt started to lubricate as she became more and more excited.

She twisted her face around on his prick as she felt it swell. Then he came and his come flooded into her mouth. She swallowed it hungrily. His balls recharged and she salved again. Ellen made whimpering sounds as Jimmy came in her mouth the second time. His balls emptied themselves.

Ellen sucked on him hard to get every bit of come out of him that she could. Then she licked the head of his prick and cleaned it off before she finally let it fall out of her mouth. She leaned back in her chair and reached for her drink. Her breathing was hard and fast. Her legs were spread and her cunt hairs shiny from her come which had sopped them through. Jimmy sat back on the couch. It looked as if it might be a long session.

"I needed that," she said finally.

"Good."

"I don't know, maybe it's not good."

"Why do you say that?"

"Maybe I need it too much."

"Is that bad?"

"I don't know."

"How long have you been working for Frank?" He took another sip of his drink.

"About eight months."

"Enjoy it?"

"The money's okay."

"I can see that," he said as he looked about her apartment. His eyes took in a couple of expensive looking things.

"It's better than having to fight guys off like a lot of girls I know have to do. They do it every day from the stockboy right up to the big boss. They all want to get in their pants."

"So?"

"So, at least I can choose who I fuck. Not when I'm working, of course, but it's a job."

"So it doesn't count then, is that it?" he asked as he sat up.

"Yeah, that's sort of it."

"Well, it looks okay to me, as long as it doesn't make you unhappy. Shit, most of the people I know hate their jobs."

"Look, don't get the idea I'm going to do this forever, because I'm not," she said.

"What comes after that?"

"I don't know. Marriage, maybe, kids, a house somewhere. You know."

"Yeah."

That's all they all want, a house, kids, no bullshit, and the right to tell their husband they have a headache and don't feel like fucking. That was okay, too, he guessed to himself.

"I'm in a position where I can save some money so I'll be able to do what I want, when I want."

"You're a smart girl, Ellen, maybe."

"Why the maybe?"

"Natural distrust, that's all."

"Been burned a lot?" she asked.

"Enough to know a few things."

"Such as?"

"A lot of people talk. Few do anything about it," he said.

"What does that have to do with me?"

"I don't know, maybe nothing, maybe a lot."

He sipped his drink and lit another cigarette. They were both comfortable in their nakedness. Ellen was probably more used to it than Jimmy, but it was difficult to tell. She was nonchalant. Every now and then Jimmy had the creepy feeling that she was treating him like a customer.

"Well, stick around if you want to. You might be surprised."

"I hope so, baby, I hope so."

There was a strange understanding between them, one that might lead to something. Both of them were aware of it, and it made them feel a little uneasy and uncomfortable.

Jimmy took a long pull on his drink and ground out his half smoked cigarette in an ashtray. "Come here," he said quietly, almost gently.

Ellen stood up and walked the few feet to where he was sitting on the couch. He held his arms up and she crawled in under. He held her close to him. The warmth of her body excited him and his cock started to get hard again.

Ellen put her hands on his hairy crotch and began to rub his prick. She caressed it until it was hard and stiff, ready for action again. Jimmy leaned over and kissed her. She spread her mouth wide and shot her tongue into his mouth as her hand became more insistent on his shaft. He could feel her warm nipples and her breasts pressing into his chest. It felt good, really good.

Their tongues fenced for a while in their mouths. Ellen had both her hands on his prick and balls and was doing a good job on him. Jimmy began to rub her breasts and stomach all over. Their mouths ground together, hard. Jimmy reached down and rubbed her cunt.

Ellen gladly spread her legs for him. Her cunt felt good, and he ran his finger up and down the slit, just inside the fold of cunt flesh. Ellen began to move her torso around as her excitement and pleasure increased. Jimmy found her love button and rubbed and poked it with his finger. He could feel the ultra-sensitive little organ erect. It made him glad. What he could not feel were the pangs of pleasure thundering through Ellen's body.

She didn't know if she could stand it or not, the pleasure and excitement was so intense. She did everything she could with her hands as Jimmy poked her love button. She moaned as he left it to ram his finger up her canal as far as he could. Then he reamed her out, hard and fast, the way he knew she liked it.

Her cunt juices started to flow, almost against her will. She bucked involuntarily as he slapped his finger in and out of her cunt. When he did it for a while, his shaft started to throb, and he knew it was time to fuck her.

"Here, lie down," he said.

"Oh, darling, fuck me, fuck me, please."

Yeah, she really wanted it bad. That was okay because he wanted to give it to her bad—and hard.

Ellen lay down on the wide couch and spread her legs. Her cunt throbbed and pulsed from his finger. He climbed over her and rubbed her cunt with the bulging head of his cock for a while, just to heat her up a little more, if that was possible. Ellen whimpered and then he knew she really wanted it bad.

He slipped it into her canal and his prick slid easily to the back of her cunt. He held it there for a minute or two. He didn't move. He just wanted her to get a good taste of good cock before he started to fuck her. Ellen squirmed about. She was getting impatient. Jimmy knew what to do.

He reared back and let her have it. He tried to use his prick like a battering ram. The little rest he had did him a great deal of good; it gave him back the energy he had lost when he came in her mouth. He hammered away at her. He started off fast and kept it that way.

Ellen came quickly. She dug her fingernails into his back and squirmed like crazy beneath him. She bucked her cunt up into his incoming cock. She closed her eyes and threw her head about on the couch. Her hair flew in every



direction. It was like a blond snowstorm. Her cunt gushed out come as fast as she could make it. It was a continuous flow. It didn't stop. Neither did Jimmy.

He managed to whip his cock in and out of her come-stained cunt a little faster. He slapped his body hard into hers. She gulped in air as fast as she could through burst lungs. The bulging head of his prick spread her canal wide open every time he plunged it in. He pinched one of her nipples and it made her call out with pleasure and pain.

She dug her fingernails into his shoulders and flanks as if she were trying to hold on to something, as if she were afraid she was going to lose touch. Her head swirled around, the world swirled around as she felt hot come begin to spasm out of her cunt.

She didn't think she could come any more but she did. It came hot and heavy. A large pool was already on the sheets between her legs where the excess come had dribbled out and ran down between her legs and over her moist asshole.

Their bodies slapped together in a continuous rhythm. Jimmy was determined to give her the fucking of her life. He was amazed at the reserve energy he had. Then his balls went numb. His come raced up the length of his prick and gushed into her. It was hot and searing and it bathed the upper walls of her cunt before it ran down her canal. It mixed with her own come.

His balls hesitated a minute or so before he came again and squirted into her. He pumped his rod in and out of her until he felt his balls go slack. Then he started to slow down gradually until he came to a complete halt.

He lay on top of her. His chest heaved. He stayed that way for a long time. He could feel his prick slowly shrink and soften until it was almost nothing. Ellen felt it, too, but it didn't really matter because she had her own problems. She lowered her legs. Her muscles were tired from holding them over her head for so long.

Her cunt felt good, though. It had had a good workout, one of the best it ever had. It still tingled and throbbed. She felt as if she could have been fucked like that forever, it was so good.

Jimmy finally opened his eyes and pulled his limp and useless prick out of her. He got up for a cigarette, lit it and dragged the smoke deep into his lungs. His knees felt weak. The cigarette tasted good and he enjoyed smoking about half of it before he poured himself a drink.

Ellen opened her eyes. "Bring me a cigarette?" she asked.

"Sure."

She smiled. Her whole body felt good all over. She tried to remember when she had had a fucking like that before. Either she hadn't or her memory was very bad because she couldn't remember. Not that it mattered. It didn't. The only thing she cared about at the moment was his prick and her cunt. The rest was bullshit, at least for the moment.

Jimmy handed her a cigarette. Ellen propped herself up on one elbow and accepted his light. "Thanks," she said. She blew out white smoke and brushed some hair from her eyes. "That was really something," she said.

"That goes double."



Ellen took a long sip of Jimmy's drink and lay back down on the bed. Her nipples were still hard and erect.

"They die hard," Jimmy said.

"What does?"

"These." He pinched them and sent shivers of excitement over her breasts.

**TO BE  
GON'T NEXT  
ISSUE**



# diamond dick

"I want it stud," he gasped. His voice was shaking with passion.

"I want you to fuck me like some Saturday night whore. I want you to fuck me out of my mind, with that big, fat tool of yours."

Buck grinned, and said, "That's just what I'm going to do queeny, that's just what I'm going to do."

He walked over to the edge of the bed.

"Fuck me," begged the drag queen, "fuck me until it comes out of my ears."

Buck hopped on the bed, and forced the kid's legs wider apart with his knees. Then he guided his long prick into place.

The drag queen screamed into the pillow, as he felt the inches of cock slowly oozing into his asshole. The walls of his rectum expanded to meet the huge fullness of Buck.

The deeper Buck shoved it in, the wilder his pleasure grew. When Buck paused, he bucked his hips, and demanded more.

He scooted his ass up further, toward Buck. Buck gave him more.

Riding the huge size and length of his prick right up to his huge nuts.

The drag queen panted and clenched his teeth. His fingers dug into the mattress.

Buck began to pump him, thrusting his oversized prick deeper into his ass.

The cheap bedsprings creaked, noisily, and sent a crazy rhythm throughout the room.

"Don't come to soon," the little drag queen groaned, "fuck me as long as you can. Really hang it to me."

The longer Buck screwed him, the more he liked it. The juices of the queen's asshole ran out and trickled down the insides of his legs, and still he begged Buck to keep on pumping.

At last, Buck groaned like some animal who'd been caught in a trap and shot off his load of steaming come.

The drag queen's asshole continued contracting, pulling out every last drop of the sperm. Finally, he lay flat on the bed, with Buck on top of him.

Buck lay inside the queen's asshole, fully hard for about fifteen minutes, and then he began to pump him again.

The boy scooted Buck around, so that Buck was facing him, without taking his cock out.

The boy managed to get his legs behind his own head, while Buck whaled away at his ass.

The boy was ready for it again. He began quietly yelping like a bitch in heat, as Buck plowed his gigantic organ in and out of his asshole once again.

The boy lifted his face and tried to kiss Buck.

Buck turned his face away, and the kid looked sad for a moment, but managed to be satisfied by sucking on one of Buck's large brown nipples.

While he was being fucked, he would run his tongue around Buck's nipples, circling it and then trailing his tongue over to the other one, and sucking on it for a while.

Buck's nipples became very hard and hot in the boy's mouth.

Buck's thighs began shaking and the kid knew he was getting close to coming again.

He ran his hand down across Buck's chest, and his finger's surrounded Buck's swollen balls, and he began to massage them and then them, as Buck plowed his rectum.

His oversized cockhead began to swell, and the boy could feel the sperm building up inside of Buck's cock.

"Faster, faster, deeper," he exclaimed, "fuck me faster, give me all you've got."

Buck groaned as he felt his orgasm coming, and he shot, sending great, jetting globs of thick, creamy sperm deep into the boy's awaiting cuntass.

He shot again and again, until every last drop was forfeited to the boy's demanding asshole. Then he sighed heavily, and pulled his cock out of the boy's ass, and lay back on the bed.

"Lick it off for me. I'm too lazy to get up and get a wash cloth," said Buck.

The drag queen dropped his head down upon Buck's wet, glistening, come-coated cock. He licked it up one side and down another. He ran his tongue around the head and down under the cock and all over the balls, until he'd licked Buck's cock clean.

Satisfied that he had, Buck pushed him aside. "Now," he said. "Get dressed and get out."

The little queen got up and did what he could to repair his costume. He got back into his bra with the fake titties, managed to pin on his torn pants. Then he got back into his hose, dress and his high heels. He asked Buck if he minded if he used his bathroom to straighten up his hair and make-up.

"Go right ahead," said Buck. "Be my guest."

After a few minutes, the little drag queen came out, looking nearly as fresh as he did before. Except that he walked as though he walked on eggs.

The little queen turned and looked at big Buck, lying on the bed, almost dropping off to sleep. "Aren't you going to walk me to the door, or anything?"

"Huh? Go on, get out of here, before I throw you out."

The little drag queen picked up what was left of his purse and muttered, "Tacky bitch."

He then swished out the door.

Buck lay back on the bed and fell asleep. He slept clear through the night, waking up the next morning about ten-thirty. The sun was streaming hotly through the room's windows. The room was stuffy. It smelled like fucking in there. Buck got up, rubbed his eyes, and went over to the windows, opening them as wide as they would go.

"Damn!" he thought to himself. "I wish I could afford a new hotel with air conditioning." He counted his money again. He'd gotten forty more from the queen. "Jesus!" he thought. "If I can keep this up, I ought to be able to afford an air conditioned hotel."

Then he went down the hall, showered and changed his clothes. He decided to go out to have breakfast.

After breakfast, Buck decided that he was going to see a little of New York. He started walking. He walked all the way up Fifth Avenue until he came to the Plaza Hotel. He decided he would go into Central Park.

He first stopped at a Good Humor truck and bought himself a fudgesickle, tore off the paper and began eating it as he walked through the park.

Buck managed to stumble on the famous section of the park called Vaseline Alley. He noticed that in this section that he walked into, there seemed to be nothing but gay-looking men around. They all began giving him the eye. Several of them took turns following him, but stopped in disappointment when he didn't make any response.

The day was very hazy and dark. It looked as though it might rain any minute.

Finally, as Buck was walking through one woody path, hard drops of rain began to fall and he walked very quickly down the steep steps until he came to a small underpass where he took shelter.

The day had grown unnaturally dark. It was almost as though it was night out. A few minutes later, just as he was lighting a cigarette, another guy came running to the underpass to seek shelter. The other man shook his hair out, and dried it roughly with his handkerchief.

The man was about thirty years old and not bad-looking. He wore glasses. He looked up at Buck and immediately cruised him. He noticed that Buck was smoking, and he said, "Have you got a light, bud?"

Buck fumbled in his pocket for his matches, and then he stepped closer to the stranger and lit the stranger's cigarette for him. The other man's eyes were boring into Buck. His eyes traveled down across Buck's strong body until they met the crotch. He stared long and hard at the crotch.

CONTINUED  
NEXT PAGE Following



stood still. The stranger, looked around to see if anybody was coming. Satisfied that nobody would be, or possibly, they could hear them running in the rain, his hand began to pull down Buck's zipper and search inside.

Buck stood with his legs apart as the man took his large cock out. His cock was pulsating with excitement. The man stroked it gently and then he slid his knees and put his arms around Buck's buttocks, pulling him toward his mouth. Buck felt his prick glide into the wet, hot mouth. He gasped, involuntarily, and then he grabbed the man's head and held it tightly to him.

The man choked a bit as Buck began the back and forth movement. He thrust himself forward as hard as he could. His cock was throbbing in the hot moistness of the man's mouth. Buck jerked violently, shoving himself as far as he could into the awaiting throat. The man grabbed him even tighter, as Buck began to shoot his stream of hot liquid. His knees trembled and heads of perspiration popped out on his forehead.

The man's hot tongue brushed the end of his cock, sending little ripples of pain throughout his groin. Buck pulled back, pulling his cock out of the man's mouth.

The man sat there on his knees, with his mouth still open. Buck could see inside that the man was holding his come in his mouth. He wondered if he was going to spit it out. But the man was just savoring the flavor of it. Little by little, he swallowed it.

Finally, the man stood up, looked out and saw that the rain was beginning to subside. He muttered to Buck, "Thanks!" and started to leave. Buck had just zipped up his trousers, and he grabbed the man by the arm.

"What'dya mean, just 'thanks'? For a cock like that, you pay, bustur!"

The man said, "Why... I don't have any money on me."

"How about your watch?" said Buck. "I'll take that."

"It's just a cheap watch," said the man. "You won't be able to get much for it."

"That's okay," said Buck. "I don't own a watch."

So, the man rather willingly took off the watch from his wrist and gave it to Buck. He looked as though he had expected this to happen. Then he ran out into the lightly raining afternoon.

Buck stared at the watch. It said seventeen jewels. It should be a decent watch, he thought, trying it on. But it wouldn't go on at the same notch where the man had worn it. Buck had to open it up two more notches. It looked very nice on his arm. He was playing with the black alligator band, and felt pleased with the thin gold face on the watch.

After the rains subsided somewhat, Buck ran across Central Park until he came out on Central Park West. He walked into a museum when he saw that it was about to rain again. "What the hell," he thought to himself. "I may as well pick up a little culture while I'm here in New York."

He went first to the mummies. Buck had always been fascinated with mummies. He stayed there for almost an hour, staring at the relics, the withered hands and the pottery that had been dug up. About that time, an older man, very attractively dressed walked through. He did a double take when he saw Buck.

He circled around Buck to the opposite side of the case where Buck was looking at some Egyptian headdresses. The man looked to be about forty-five. He was very tanned, and his face was lined heavily, but he was a nice-looking man. He had grey streaks on his temples and was dressed in an attractive dark business suit. He smiled at Buck. Buck smiled back. The man walked around the case and said to Buck, "I see you're interested in Egyptian things, too."

"Yes," said Buck. "These Egyptians have always fascinated me, ever since I was a kid. I used to love to go see any kind of a movie that had an Egyptian background."

"Me, too," said the man. "Have you looked through everything yet?"

Buck replied, "Almost everything. But I haven't gone into that model of the old temple over there yet."

"Come on," said the older man. "Let's go take a look."

To one side of the museum, there was an exact replica of an Egyptian tomb.

Buck entered it, followed by the older man. The tomb consisted of long, narrow hallways. Being the dreary day that it was, they were the only two in the tomb.

As they made their way back to the darkness of the tomb, the man came closer to Buck.

He let his hand brush against Buck's buttocks. Buck smiled to himself.

"I guess I can pick them pretty well," he thought, and he was thinking of the amount of money he could get out of the man.

Buck didn't move. He let the man's hand brush against his ass once again.

On the third time when the man brushed his hand against Buck's ass, he let his hand remain there for an instant or so, and started to massage Buck's beautiful, man's ass.

The older man stroked his ass, and ran his hand up to the edge of his pants, and then slipped his hand into his pants.

Buck wasn't wearing any underwear as usual, and the man manipulated his hand across Buck's buttocks, feeling first one and then the other.

The tight denim of Buck's pants scraped his knuckles. Finally, he ran his hand down the crevice of Buck's hairless ass until his finger touched Buck's rectum.

He looked Buck square in the eye, and said, "I'd like to suck that."

Buck smiled, and said, "Well, I guess that can be arranged. Most people want to suck my front part though."

The man ran his hand all over Buck's basket and rubbed the cockshaft and head which were throbbing on the inside of his pants.

"I wouldn't mind eating that too. My God boy," said the older man, "that's quite a joint you have there. How long are you anyway?"

Buck grinned, he was proud of his cock. He said, "I'm about eleven inches long, when I'm stiff."

The man said, "That sounds like a great mouthful. How would you like to come home with me. I've got my car outside."

"Sure," said Buck. "But... well, I'm a little hard up for money."

"Sure," said the man, "you name it, anything you want."

"Fifty dollars too much?" asked buck.

"No, I think that's about right," said the man.

Buck followed him out of the museum, out to the street. It was raining very lightly now, and they only had about two blocks to walk until they came to the older man's car.

The older man unlocked his car for Buck and Buck got in. The he went around, and unlocked his side, and slid into the car.

The car was a brand-new Cadillac, very shiny, very new.

"Wow," said Buck, "how did you manage to afford something like this?"

"I'm a psychiatrist," said the older man, "we make tons of money."

"A lot of nuts in New York, huh?" said Buck.

"There sure are baby," said the older man, "there sure are. By the way, my name is Keith Wodehouse, what's yours?"

"Just call me Buck," said Buck.

"Fine Buck. Well my apartment isn't far from here. It'll take us about five minutes to get there, if we don't get snarled up in traffic. Do you want a cigarette?"

"Sure," said Buck.

"Take one out of the glove compartment. And do me a favor. Light me one too, would you?"

And the man turned his car, and sped Buck and his gigantic organ to a luxurious apartment on Manhattan's East Side. The apartment was panelled in wood, and was very softly lit.

The walls were lined with hundreds of books, and there were two soft, large couches and easy chairs in the living room. The room was very inviting. It was the room of a man who sought and enjoyed good living.

"Could I fix you a drink?" Keith asked Buck.

"Yes, yes, that would be great," said Buck. "What would you like?"

"Surprise me," said Buck.

Keith went to fix the two of them drinks. He returned with a couple of double scotches and water.

Buck took the drink and sipped on it; he was never much of a scotch drinker, but he drank it anyway.

**NEXT ISSUE**

# SHOW BIZ SWISH



One by one, the boys began to dress and starting drifting out. Bix got back into his shirt and jeans, throwing his bathing suit over his shoulder. He thanked the host for the party and left.

After he left, the remaining boys sat around drinking beer. Finally, one of them said, "Do you know who that was?"

The other guys just looked at him.

"No, who was that?" asked one of them.

"He's a movie star, man. Didn't you recognize him?"

One of the younger boys said, "I thought he looked familiar, but I couldn't quite place him. He sure is a good-looking son of a bitch. Who is he?"

The first guy said, "Stupid, that's Bix Cooper. The biggest, butchest, most handsome guy in Hollywood. And you just fucked him!"

"Well, I'll be a son of a bitch," said the young one. "I wish I'd known it at the time. I would have gotten his autograph."

be very happy when it was. As Yum-Yum got older, she began to get more impossible to work with. She would spend double the time with the make-up man, look at the job he had done on her, and wipe it off and then see about getting him fired. Then she would hire another one.

She became fanatic about maintaining her youthful appearance. She never made any personal appearances for this reason. Out of range of the movie camera, the lights, and the expert make-up men, Yum-Yum looked a good forty-six. Her skin was very wrinkled. There were heavy little lines around her mouth, and her eyes just didn't have the sparkle of youth.

As hard as she was to work with, Bix even felt a little sorry for her.

There was a more interesting project coming up after this sophisticated comedy with Yum-Yum was finished. Bix was going to take a short vacation, and he was going to start a picture on location in Louisiana, being filmed in and out of the swamps as well as in New Orleans itself.

The movie was a complete change of pace for him. It was about a man who had a mulatto mistress and was running for public office. The mistress gets killed by her own people and Bix is the avenger—part with character. He is to hunt

each of them down and kill them. His hunt takes him into swamps and through New Orleans at Margi Gras time.

Bix was happy about the change of pace. He felt confident he could handle such a role.

But, in the meantime, there was still this movie with Yum-Yum to wrap up.

Bix was on his way to lunch at the commissary when he passed a group of tourists having a tour of the studio. He almost walked right past them, even though several of them turned and exclaimed to their friends that that was Bix Cooper—Bix Cooper.

On the periphery of the crowd, he suddenly noticed a young, handsome blond boy with a camera around his neck. He stopped for a moment and stared at the boy. The boy broke away from the group and came up to Bix.

"I wonder, Mr. Cooper, if I could bother you for your autograph."

"Of course," said Bix, staring him straight in the eye.

They moved over slightly to the right near better lights where there was a sound stage. Suddenly, one of the technicians turned on the wind machine and it blew the autograph book out of Bix's hand. It blew across the sound stage and behind. The two of them went to retrieve it.

The sound stage had been set up in miniature to fake a volcanic eruption. The autograph book blew to the backside of the sound stage, the underneath section of the platform that had been built up for the volcano. Bix and the young boy scrambled behind there, managing to retrieve the autograph book.

Bix signed his name in it. They stood there staring at each other. Suddenly Bix grabbed the boy and pulled him underneath the platform which just cleared their heads. Bix kissed him full on the mouth and ran his hand down to his crotch. The boy had a near erection so he knew he hadn't made a mistake.

They crawled further under the sound stage and Bix began to undo the boy's pants. The boy responded by undoing Bix's zipper too. It was dark under there. They couldn't see each other. They could just tell where each other was by touch, and by their heavy breathing.

Their pants and underwear dropped to their ankles and Bix knelt down and began to suck on the boy's cock. As the young, velvet-smooth cock of medium size got sucked by Bix, the boy held on to the two-by-four's underneath the platform and groaned as Bix kept sucking him off.

At the same time, Bix was on his knees jacking himself off. The boy pushed his body against Bix's face as Bix took the his cock fully into his mouth. He ran his tongue around the head of the boy's cock and back and forth in long, smooth strokes across the shaft of it.

The boy's body shuddered. Bix moved his arms between the boy's legs and spread them even further apart and began sucking on his balls, young firm balls, like fresh plums. He put both of the boy's balls into his mouth and sucked on them, gently. The boy began to jack himself off as Bix licked away at his balls.

The boy said hoarsely, "I want to suck you."

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The filming of the movie with Yum-Yum O'Bannon was almost finished. Bix was going to

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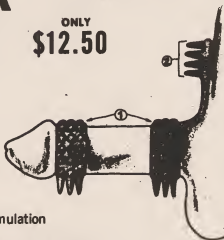
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And Bix got up from his knees and stood there. The boy then dropped to his knees and took the head of Bix's immense cock into his mouth. He began sucking on it with his smooth lips. He sucked on the head expertly, running his tongue around and around the rim of it.

He then began to cover Bix's stomach and pubic area with tiny, little bites and kisses. Bix leaned back and thoroughly enjoyed the boy and all he was doing.

The boy ran his tongue down and over Bix's balls and lapped at them hungrily, greedily.

"Turn around," the boy said huskily. Bix turned around and the boy bent him over and began to run his tongue up and down the crack of his ass. Bix spread his legs far apart and the boy let his tongue come to rest on the opening of Bix's asshole.

The boy planted a noisy French kiss on Bix's ass and began rimming him wildly, pushing his tongue up Bix's asshole as far as it could go.

Bix was hoping he wouldn't be late for his callback and that nobody would come around to the other side and discover them. This was one of the most daring things he'd ever done, at least on the set.

The boy got off Bix's ass and turned him around and began sucking on his cock once again. Bix could feel his climax building in him and he pulled his cock away from the boy's mouth and said, "I want to do you."

The boy stood up and Bix dropped back down to his knees and began to suck on the boy's cock. The boy hault up his climax quickly and eagerly and within moments, his cock began to pulsate wildly in Bix's mouth. The boy let out a small, slight moan and shot his load into Bix's mouth. It was warm and fresh tasting, like country milk, and Bix drank it down, draining the boy completely dry.

The boy had to hold on to the two-by-fours to keep from falling, he was so dizzy from the experience, and the excitement.

He pulled Bix back up to his feet and dropped down to his knees once again in order to finish off Bix. Bix was very close to a climax. The boy grabbed hold of his thighs and guided his mouth down on to Bix's cock.

Bix's climax was getting closer and closer. His body was moving back and forth in rhythm with the boy's cocksucking. Just as he shot, there was a series of explosions above his head. The boy was startled, but continued drinking down Bix's cum. Bix shot again and again and almost simultaneously, the explosions continued.

The boy stood up after finishing off Bix and said, "My God, was that you, or was that something else?"

Bix laughed and said, "No. I'm afraid I don't come that intensely."

Bix and the boy quickly pulled up their pants and began to get dressed as the explosions continued above their heads. They both were giggling like mad.

Then all of a sudden Bix said, "My God, we better get out of here. Maybe hot lava will pour down all over us."

They rushed out of the back and looked around. Nobody had noticed them.

"Well, thanks a lot," said the boy. "I terribly enjoyed myself."

"So did I," said Bix. "I hope you enjoy your tour of the studio. Can you catch up with your group?"

"Oh, I think so."

"Oh," Bix said, "here's your autograph."

"Thanks a lot," said the boy. "Thanks, Mr. Cooper." Then the boy left.

Bix got back to the sound stage just in time. They were ready to retake the scene with Yum-Yum



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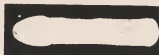
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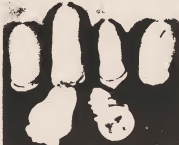
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Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....

Age..... Signature.....

the correct code number as printed in the ad on each letter you wish forwarded. Do not put stamps on letters you wish forwarded. Do enclose proper forwarding fee and a loose 6c stamp for each letter you wish forwarded. See forwarding fees. Enclose letters, cash or money order, and \$1.25 in outer envelope, make sure you put proper postage on envelope, and mail to:  
**SWINGERS UNITED FOR KICKS P.O. BOX 104, NY**

## TO PLACE AN AD IN THIS PAPER

To place an ad in this paper, you must be over 21. Advertisements for this paper are figured at the rate of 20¢ per word, with a minimum insertion of 5¢ or 25 words. Allow 4 words for code number and headline (up to 3

words). Additional words are 20¢ each. Enclose payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad at the 4th week free. Write your ad on one of the ad forms that appear throughout the paper. Send ad and proper payment to: SWINGERS UNITED FOR KICKS, P.O. BOX 104, NYC 10012

## FREE FOR LADIES

Ladies seeking a fun romance, marriage or friendship, advertise on these pages free. Take advantage, fill out coupon and send today.

## HAPPY-ADO-LUCKY

**COUPLE**  
We're happy-go-lucky impulsive people, cheerfully nutty but warm and compassionate. She's soft, shapely, 30-30, loves to please, uninhibited. If you're like us, love to meet.  
NYC Male Box 94875A

**COLORADO MEN WANTED**  
White housewife, 21, blonde, 5'2", 115, pretty, desires Negro men, any age, single or married, for fun and games. Older husband enjoys watching.  
WASH., DC Female Box 94875A

**VERY ADAPTABLE**  
Woman, 20, to meet single or single who are sincere and fun-loving, but are completely uninhibited, sensual and exhibitionistic, excited and aroused by watching. She's responsive and very adaptable to new situations. Husband considerate, fun-loving. Participate to extend you.  
NJ, NYC Couple Box 94867Y

**BACK TO NATURE**  
Young man, 23, seeks nature girl (rustic) back to nature outdoor type). Strong, intelligent. Photo, phone, send note or thoughts.  
NYC Male Box 94893A

**INTEREST IN FRENCH**  
Married guy interested in French culture only. Wife perfect, would like to hear from female who shares his interest. Age, looks unimportant.  
NYC Male Box 94894A

**LIKE SHOWING IT?**  
Photographer for nationally popular nude and adventure magazine attempting to launch his own publication. Wants particularly well-shaped models for unique, serial-type nude format. Must be sexy with good features. No bed stretch marks or scars. Minimum age 18. No pay now, but great commissions upon publication. I have excellent professional contacts for exclusively pretty girls. Send photo, ad, phone and experience if any.  
NYC Male Box 94845S

**A REAL LOVER**  
Male, 26, desires to meet attractive female with nice figure. Eager to please. French culture. Financially secure. Photo please.  
USA Male Box 96221A

**WHITE WOMEN ONLY**  
Negro love ready to serve you. Should recognize that French, Greek cultures most effective means of communication between races. Daytime activities. Photo, phone helpful.  
NYC Male Box 96222A

**MR. LUV**  
Good looking male, white, 42, desires a beautiful relationship with a sensual Caucasian girl. Let's get those delicious feelings together. No men or pros.  
NYC Male Box 94885A

**SWINGING HEADS**  
Want for a cup of tea. We're in our 30's. Photo please.  
NYC Couple Box 94895A

**TAKE HEED**  
Letters and photos that are pornographic or obscene in content must not be circulated through the mails. Please cooperate with the Post Office when answering advertisements. Postal regulations are such that it is prohibited to use their facilities for obscene materials.

**ARE YOU AFRAID?**  
Dominant male, 26, attractive, well dressed, of the urban type, challenges generous, passive men and women to NYC Male Box 94875A

**SEARCHING NJ COUPLE**  
There must be a sensitive, warm, compassionate girl who would find pleasure in married couple in their 30's. Happy with couples also.  
NJ Couple Box 94763C

**YOUNG AND WILLING**  
Get quantity arrived from England. Bukom, attractive cut, 39-23-37, has fun, fun, fun. Looking to pose for photos and dates. Send \$2.00 to cover photo and mailing.  
NYC Female Box 94656Y

**CAN'T GET ENOUGH**  
Voluptuous, personable young woman, 30-30, desires parties with more than one partner, either sex. All ages. Send mailing address. Will reciprocate. Hurry.  
ONTARIO Female Box 94891A

**BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BLONDE**  
Gal, 5'6", 115, 35-23-34, is very anxious to meet wealthy men for close friendships and perhaps much more. Prove your generosity for a fast reply and eventual meeting when I can prove mine, along with my complete uninhibited nature, extraordinary techniques and marvelous good looks.  
NYC Female Box 94765C

**COUPLE OFFERS PLEASURE**  
Attractive young white being, 34-24-35, he's 39, she's 35. Both are females. We guarantee sensual pleasures and satisfaction. Write particularly well-shaped models for unique, serial-type nude format. Must be sexy with good features. No bed stretch marks or scars. Minimum age 18. No pay now, but great commissions upon publication. I have excellent professional contacts for exclusively pretty girls. Send photo, ad, phone and experience if any.  
NYC Male Box 94845S

**WILLING TO LEARN**  
Attractive housewife seeks active females, male, couples for meetings, correspondence. Love Life. Photo please. Photo please. Will reciprocate with same. Will reciprocate with same.  
NYC Female Box 94652Y

**TEACHER OF THE ARTS**  
Attractive young gal has the temperament to teach all submissive males who enjoy the demanding ways of her teacher. 31 brings you the best of her photo. Answer secured.  
NYC Female Box 94881Y

**EXPERIENCED ATTRACTIVE WIFE**  
White, 32-35, wants to meet white couples, 30-45, for French parties. Husband available if needed, also ad, sex, photo, phone please.  
NYC Female Box 94632Y

**SEPIA SWEETHEART**  
Well built young chick looking for a male friend to love and lust with. Must have a car and like sports, also must know how to handle a woman. Please help.  
PA Female Box 4538Y

**HAS EXPERIENCE**  
Mature woman interested in meeting other women or couples for mutually satisfying relationship. Experienced in giving complete satisfaction.  
NYC Female Box 94860A

**FIRST TIMERS**  
Attractive white couple, 24, 26, both very attractive, offer other couples for satisfying relationships. Photo, phone will assure prompt reply.  
NJ, NYC Couple Box 94755A

**BEN RALD WANTED**  
Attractive white girl, 23, 5'10, blonde, intelligent and broken-hearted over it. I would like the distraction of having correspondence (only) with interesting, intelligent people. Send mailing address. P.O. Box preferred but not necessary.  
NYC Female Box 94767Y

**HAS PLENTY TO GIVE**  
Blonde model, 24, 5'8", 135, 36-26-36. I have plenty of good things to give to the right man.  
NJ Female Box 94790A

**DOMINANT MISTRESS**  
Extremely dominant mistress and male all that you need to satisfy your fantasies. Send a little something for sample and meeting thereafter. Stimulated self addressed envelope.  
NYC Female Box 94791A

**NEEDS LOVE AND AFFECTION**  
True blonde, 32, has sex for love and affection from male or female. Send \$2 to cover expenses. Bi-racial fan.  
VA Female Box 94555A

**LEATHER LADY**  
Now for the dyed set, custom made leather equipment to suit all your needs. State your desires. SSAC for a quick response.  
NYC Male Box 94856A

**EX MODEL AND DANCER**  
Gal, 28, 5'7", attractive, blonde, 34-24-35, intelligent, very attractive, well educated and endowed couple, 30's, white, now, would love to participate in some really all the way swinging parties of like couple.  
NYC Female Box 4025Y

**WILLING AND ABLE**  
Single white gal, 25, 40-40-40, passionately desires intimate friendship of men interested in all cultures, both giving and receiving. Am employed but can travel. Mailing address: NJ, NYC Female Box 94766A

**FUN AND GAMES**  
Pretty young housewife, 25, 36-23-36, long hair, seeks good looking bi men for fun. Min. Dutch sex. Photo and phone. Will answer all. SSAC appreciated.  
WISC Female Box 94781A

**HAPPY HOUND**  
Team up, girls, with my pet "Wolf" for photography and party games. If you think you're tired of everything but wolf, tell me you get a "Wolf". Many hairy experiences.  
MD Female Box 4666Y

**FREE FEE**  
Auto erotic woman sought by good looking male intellectual, 25, 5'10, 135, 36-26-36. Feel free. Can meet. Photo, phone. Honest letter answered.  
NYC Male Box 94878Y

**COLORADO MEN ONLY**  
Pretty white wife wants to meet colored men, Buffalo, NY area, for get together weekends for fun and pleasure. Must be well built and full of action. Husband approves. Photo gets answer.  
NY Female Box 94864A

**NO DISAPPOINTMENTS HERE**  
Men, please disappointed in the past? Contact me when you're in Seattle. I'm guaranteed to please you every time. Thrashers and more. So write now.  
WASH. Female Box 94650A

**WEALTHY MAN WANTED**  
Young couple, 21, has two little girls, wishes to correspond with young wealthy man between 25-37. Am attractive and shapely, will also write to service men.  
NY Female Box 94855A

**GROUP TOGETHERNESS**  
Intelligent, very attractive, well educated and endowed couple, 30's, white, now, would love to participate in some really all the way swinging parties of like couple.  
NYC Couple Box 4533Y

**PASSIONATE STEWIE DOGS**  
Acrid, 24, 38, 24-30, 30-24-30, desires satisfaction. Couples, men, women, NYC, couples, Calif. Will fulfill most erotic desires. Discreet. Send details, pornoid interest. Enveloped partner available. Please Hurry.  
NYC Female Box 4530Y

**EROTIC WHITE COUPLE**  
Attractive exclusive type couple, 29, 36-26-36, he 31, well endowed, great staying power, seeking sensual couple, girls for mutual satisfaction. Photo, photo appreciated. Prompt reply assured.  
NYC Couple Box 94748A

**USE THIS CONVENIENT BLANK**  
Ad replies forwarded promptly and sealed. This section is most discreet. Your identity is always kept confidential.

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**DESIRE**  
Who cares about a 23 year old maiden, tall, slim, attractive, kind, sincere, and elegant nature? Desires man who is sincere, warm and tender, any location. Openly available.  
CHGO Female Box 94829A

**LOVER OF SPORTS**  
Lonely, 30-30, seeking male with platinum blonde hair, steel blue eyes, desires male friends. Likes outdoor and indoor sports, phone or photo. To reply, promised.  
NYC Female Box 94844A

**SUPPLEMENT YOUR**  
Negro artist seeks well built white woman or career girl to supplement your income. I am tan, medium built, 24, very clean and generous. Write for immediate reply. Photo not necessary. No phones. Discretion assured.  
NYC Male Box 94831D

**MUST BE PASSIVE**  
Dominant young woman is seeking someone to cater to her every whim. Heed advice, expect palm to teach proper attitude. Must be passive and obedient to grow it test of mistress.  
NYC Female Box 94840A

**WHAT DO YOU ENJOY?**  
Thoughtful, tender, loving married couple, 30's, would like to meet pleasant, congenial couple who would enjoy assistance or instruction in modern ways. She's very attractive, warm brooded.  
NYC, NJ Couple Box 94766C

**CHICAGO COUPLE**  
White couple, 30, 35, wish to meet other Chicago couples for fun and games. Send photo and address. All answers.  
CHICAGO Couple Box 94769C

**SEXY-HOUSEWIFE**  
Wife, 34, would like to hear from gay girls and couples in Mich. and nearby states. Photo, photo for prompt reply. Will answer all.  
NYC Female Box 94770C

**ATTRACTIVE MODEL**  
A woman's body is a work of art, and seeing is believing. I will pose for only decent or passive males who like the way out. Be descriptive in your letter. Send full name and address. All answered.  
NYC Female Box 4536Y

**WILL TEACH**  
Young lady will teach males in all arts. Enjoy erotic male who must cater to my whims. Send \$1 for my photo and detailed letter. All answered.  
CALIF Female Box 4011Y

**WILLING SWINGING COUPLE**  
Attractive married couple, well used to nude, well come who can entertain and enjoy the evening's fun and games. Photo, photo please.  
NYC Couple Box 4646Y

**WELCOME, WELCOME**  
Let's play at my house. I'm very versatile and uninhibited. Will pose in nude, well come all cultures with all people, especially dyed. Husband approves and joins in activities if needed. Write, send photo, phone.  
ILL Female Box 94759B

**DIG PHONE CALLS**  
Like making long distance phone calls to strange women? I love receiving them, day or night, message. For my unlimited number, please send \$2 to show sincerity.  
CALIF Female Box 94637A

**SINCERITY COUNTS**  
Gal, 25, 35-23-35, attractive, single, seeks sincere males, females, and couples, for swinging get together and friendship. I need financial security. Discretion assured. Any race, photo, phone.  
NYC Female Box 94838A

**FURTHER MY CAREER**  
Beautiful model looking for generous male for romance and help in my modeling career.  
MD Female Box 4672Y

**COMING SOUTH!**  
Attractive housewife must try something unusual for professional husband's sake. Welcome correspondence from young white male seeks only serious, 30-40. Husband approves and appreciates what she is attempting to do.  
VA Female Box 94757B

**VENUS NEEDS ADONIS**  
Beautiful woman, 30, 35, 36-24-36, "needs" male. Comes to NYC twice a week, stays for three days, try me.  
TEXAS Female Box 94758B

**MAN WANTED**  
Beautiful, sophisticated wife wants a virile man to 5010 join her and her husband in fun and games. You can bring another girl later on if you like. Photo. Phone.  
NYC Female Box 94760B

## SWINGERS UNITED FOR KICKS,

P.O. BOX 104, NYC 10012 Dept.

Gentlemen:  
Enclosed please find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which run the above classified ad for \_\_\_\_\_ times, as soon as possible.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
MINIMUM \$5.00 PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

**SEEMS SOFT TYPE**  
Hardened butch male, 39, personable, protective, dominant, covers, silky, sensual, sensitive, non butch adult seeking contented, cultured love. Explicit letter, photo, phone.  
NYC Male Box CT95019

**MAN TALK**  
Heavy built, husky male, 39, professional, discerning, meeting other males for friendship and good times. Age, race unimportant. No university counts. All answered. Discretion assured.  
NYC Male Box CT95020

**LIGHT LOU**  
Blond, slim, well built man, 40, pass permanent friend only with suitable type man, 25 to 45. Serious replies only.  
NYC Male Box CT95021

**LET'S WRESTLE**  
Athletic young man, 22, trim build, desires wrestling partners. Have had no previous experience, nor require any just for fun.  
NYC Male Box CT95022

**GAY TIMES**  
Gay young swinging guy, 27, 185, seeks guy girl for possible marriage. Must be intelligent, independent, not overly shy. No experience, nor require any just for fun.  
NYC Male Box CT95023

**LDVE WANTED**  
Lonely, sincere black male, 33, wants to meet white male, under 36, for mutual friendship and satisfaction. Photo, phone appreciated.  
NYC Male Box CT95024

**COMPLETE OBEDIENCE**  
Tall, slim, handsome college-age, combs, military, to 35, all areas. Must be dominant, at least 5'11", well endowed. I will obey your command and whim for right guy only, photo, or complete descriptions.  
CHICAGO Male Box CT95025

**DIGS A LOT**  
Attractive, youthful, 45, masculine foremost, dis demented, removal of me. No hairy chest, no boots, perhaps introduction to rubber, mild sim, searching for lasting relationship with attractive, masculine, affluent to share country house. Detail, photo.  
NYC Male Box CT95026

**TO PLACE AN AD IN THIS PAPER**  
To place an ad in this paper, you must be over 21. Advertisements for this paper are figured at the rate of 20c per word, with a minimum insertion of 35 or 25 words. Allow 4 words for code number and headline (up to 3 words). Additional words are 20c each. Enclose payment for 3 consecutive weeks and we will print your ad the 4th week free. Write your ad on one of the ad forms that appear throughout the paper. Send ad and proper payment to:  
**COME TOGETHER**  
P.O. BOX 517  
N.Y.C. 10013

**FORWARDING FEES**  
IF WE WILL FORWARD  
1 LETTER FOR \$1  
2 LETTERS FOR \$5  
3 LETTERS FOR \$10

**TO ANSWER AN AD IN THIS PAPER**  
To answer an ad in this paper, you must be over 21. Write your letter and seal it in an envelope. Put your return address on the envelope and the code number of the ad you are answering in the upper right hand corner of the envelope where the stamp usually goes. Your letter will not be opened but forwarded sealed, directly to the place of the ad without delay. Important - Make sure your letter notes the correct code number as printed in the ad on each letter you wish forwarded. Do not put stamps on letters you wish forwarded. Do enclose proper forwarding fee and a loose 6c stamp for each letter you wish forwarded. See forwarding fees. Enclose letters, cash or money order, and stamps in 1 outer envelope, make sure you put proper postage on this envelope and mail to:  
**COME TOGETHER**  
P.O. BOX 517  
N.Y.C. 10013

**LET'S MEET AND EAT**  
Since I'm married gay, new fun for you, desire to meet some type of male to share a fun time. Please be a guy who does guys.  
NYC Male Box 46379

**INTRODUCTION ANYONE?**  
Very tall, husky male, 34, roccia temperament, dedicated to gentle, dominant, masculine male. Desires introduction to leather, rubber, petting, etc. Sex, race, etc. N.Y. Male Box 94771C

**LEATHER LOVER**  
Well equipped male seeks males who dig strap-on. Good time in hand to toe leather. Photo and phone.  
NYC Male Box 46129

**ATTRACTIVE BLOND EXC**  
Male exs. in Manhattan, early 30's, wants to meet well endowed, masculine male to 40, all race, married or single. Anytime goes. Also enjoy threesomes. Am discreet and completely non-sex. Frank letter please.  
NYC Male Box 94569

**PRDM A FRIENDSHIP**  
Cute, slim, tall, boyish looking, blue eyes, sandy blond hair, 25, desires to form real, sincere, honest friendship with other fellows to 25. Photo appreciated.  
NYC Male Box 94567

**MASCULINE GUY**  
Guitar player, but excellent young athletic build, 5'7"-135, well endowed, loving about please, consider young who, by nature or inclination, dis the above.  
NYC Male Box 94595D

**TATTOO FAN**  
Boston male, 23, seeks to learn gay ways from a tattooed male. Please write soon. I'm ready. No bid please.  
MASS Male Box 94569

**EXCITING MEETINGS**  
Good looking married exs, 41, wants to meet other handsome executive, married or single, for long term relationship. Send full details. Photo, phone. Discretion assured.  
NYC Male Box 94970

**HAS DRUG TALENT**  
Gay male nudist, looking for masculine, virile guy, for threesomes, rubber types. Must be sincere.  
NYC Male Box 94774C

**FORN GUY**  
Can't afford computer, clubs or bars. Therefore, tall, slim, Irish butch guy who had lover less 5 years desires one young, slim, dark complexioned guy. Photo, phone.  
NYC Male Box 94555A

**DIGS A LOT**  
Masculine guy, 23, white, dis groovy times, levis, swim trunks, etc. Seeks guy to 35, Only phis, dis photo, phone. Sincere, will answer at.  
NYC Male Box 94572

**AT YOUR SERVICE**  
Huge male, 35, mass white male master to 25, Michigan, Windsor area. No overweights. Like him or not necessary.  
DETROIT Male Box 94569A

**MALC SLAVE WANTED**  
Butch male looking for a sincere slave over 30. Must be sincere and obedient. Butch type appeal. Photo, phone please. All answered.  
NYC Male Box 94587

**WANTS TO SHARE**  
Male, 25, butch, would like to share his apartment in Greenwich Village with attractive, masculine guy boy to 25. Photo appreciated. Easy to live with.  
NYC Male Box 94563

**MALE LOVER WANTED**  
By sincere gay male, 31, 5'8", must be blond and masculine, 25 to 40, married ok. Photo, phone please.  
NYC Male Box 94564

**CREATIVE LEATHER GUY**  
Male wants groovy looking, submissive young man for complete domination. Firm, male firm, aggressive discipline, leather, steel restraint. Beginners, experienced. Send photo, measurements.  
NYC Male Box 94565D

**MEET ME**  
Slender gay black male young man and girl. Race no barrier.  
CALIF Male Box 91408 R

**TIME TO BE COZY**  
When male asking want, one, dealer white or Negro gentleman, 25-40. Winter is here, would love to have someone to spend a cozy evening at my place and please your date in the French sit. Photo, phone please.  
NYC Male Box 91317 R

**SLIP AWAY FROM HOME**  
Lonely white male seeks dealer, discreet, understanding male who can slip away from family during the week. Name your date, will play to please. Photo please.  
PHILA Male Box 94745A

**CULTURAL TALE**  
Gay male seeks to be more sincere, fun loving, intelligent, sensual, playful, 25-45, interested in French, Greek and English culture.  
PHILA Male Box 94745A

**WANT I ALL**  
Male, 43, 3'9", 190, dips water sports, French and Greek cultures, some sim, or you name it. Also photo, details.  
DC Male Box 9W 4676

**GAY OVERCROWD**  
Male, 31, 25, 5'7", with gay relationship with other TV and magazine is a higher for gay social compatibility. Like bid very much. Very close.  
MASS Male Box 95021B

**MALE SLAVE**  
Male, 23, seeks tall, butch, muscular master, to 35, interested in absolute submissiveness and discipline, possibly on a permanent basis.  
NYC, Queens area. Box 95000A

**MAN TALK**  
Male wishes to meet other white males, up to age 45. Send description, photo, phone, details.  
MICH Male Box 95001A

**DIGS AWAKE**  
Good looking, great body, 25, muscular guy wants advice and light leather bondage from a good looking, masculine guy. Photo please.  
NYC Male Box 95002D

**BIG BOYS WANTED**  
Slim, blond, well built man, 40, would like to meet heavy man, 200 lbs. or more. Will do anything to please.  
NYC Male Box 95003D

**WANTS AN EXCHANGE**  
Male, 48, wants to meet sincere and sexy males, to 50, who dis sexual and mental exchanges, films, music, etc. Write details in full confidence.  
NYC Male Box 95004

**MASTER WANTED**  
Groovy well endowed white, 25-45, to play games with 28 year old male slave who loves levis, boots, toys. Photo to will bring response.  
CHICAGO Male Box 94573D

**MEET AND MAKE**  
Gays: Meet and make friends. For information send S2AL.  
NYC Male Box 94574

**INTELLIGENT MALE SLAVE**  
Male, late 30's, looking for a creative, fit, young, intelligent, well educated male who requires a mental and physical slave. Sincerely essential. Will travel.  
NYC Male Box 94575

**REQUIRES SLAVE**  
Good looking, masculine, well built male, 22, requires slave of same description: approximately same age or younger. Can travel easily. Photo.  
MD Male Box 95005

**USE THIS CONVENIENT BLANK**  
Ad replies forwarded promptly and sealed. This section is most discreet. Your identity is always kept confidential.

**COME TOGETHER**  
P.O. BOX 517  
N.Y.C. 10013

**Enclosed please find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which run the above classified ad for \_\_\_\_\_ times, as soon as possible.**

**NAME \_\_\_\_\_**

**ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_**

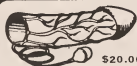
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Rigid, soft, pliable,  
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Scientifically designed  
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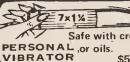
**SNAP-ON  
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**STRAP-ON  
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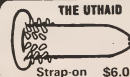


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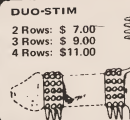
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Viewer and 5 35MM  
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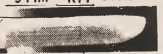
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**"STIM" KIT \$10.00 set**



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